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CHOIR SINGING.

SINGERS in a choir should be
Lovers of true harmony ;
Not the harmony alone
Of the voice, and lip, and tone,
But the harmony of soul,
Each uniting with the other,
As a sister or a brother ;
Sanctifying every part
With pure "melody of heart,"
Singing true, with joy and love,
As the angels sing above.

Singers in a choir should be
Full of gentlest charity ;
Holy love within the breast
Will make every voice the best ;
Guarding well the spirit harp.
From the undue flat or sharp ;
Keeping all its strings in tune,
That would else be broken soon.
Pride might bid them sing to please
Those who criticize at ease ;
Love would bid them ever sing
To the praise of God their King—
Whose attentive, list'ning ear
Bends from his high throne to hear ;
Who can track thought's giddy mazes,
Who inhabiteth the praises
Of eternity ! O Lord,
Do thou tighten each lax cord ;
Tune each voice to sweetest key,
That thy songs and psalms may be
Sung in heaven-born harmony.

"AT EVENTIDE THERE SHALL BE
LIGHT."

MOST lives have shadows never understood,
Dark corners where no friendly gleam can come,
Dim secrets of a once bright youth, long past ;
Oh ! courage, sinking heart, remember yet
For you "at eventide there shall be light !"

Light to the captive in the darkest cell,
Where weary years have lagged unnoticed by,
Unmarked by sunshine's ray, or lightning's
flash,

Shrouded forever in one twilight grey
For him "at eventide there shall be light !"

Light to the blinded wanderer—led astray
O'er desert moor, by the delusive gleam
He dreams must be the cheerful light of home,
And wakes to find a lantern of the waste.
For him "at eventide there shall be light !"

Light to the shipwrecked on the shores of life,
Who see their barks go down in sight of land,
Lured by false meteors onward to their doom
Where the black rocks lie buried in the foam.
For them "at eventide there shall be light !"

Light to the patient eyes that cannot see
Earth's glorious beauty and her bloomy hues,
Nor the dear form and lineaments of love ;
A tenderer dawn shall greet those unsealed eyes,
When at the "eventide there shall be light !"

To all who pine in darkness and in gloom
Of heart or soul, that ray shall come at last ;

To some, a star to lead the pilgrim home ;
To some, the lurid glow of endless flame ;
To all, "at eventide there shall be light !"
—Church Porch.

THE THREE GIFTS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

I GAVE my love a burning gem,
All touch'd with ruddy fire ;
Might grace an antique diadem,
And light a king's desire.
She said : "Such gifts shall ne'er be mine,
These gems I will not wear ;
For no love-thoughts do they enshrine,
No gentle fancies bear."

I gave my love a violet,
Mid fondling mosses bred,
With twilight's dewy kisses wet
It bow'd its graceful head.
She sigh'd : "Alas ! the flow'r will fade,
Too soon its beauty pale !
In sooth, I were a silly maid
To take a boon so frail."

I gave my love a simple song,
Essay'd by poet-pen ;
Which sought, and found, its friends among
All earnest-hearted men.
She said : "True, song can never die !
Let thy love like it be,
And on my heart the gift shall lie
To bid me think of thee !"

—London Journal.

LIFE SCULPTURE.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor-boy
With his marble block before him :
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him :
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision ;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone,
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our souls, uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel-vision.

ONLY ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle ; life is brief,
And sin is here,
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours ;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not many lives, but only one have we ;
One, only one—
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span !
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S. 2 vols. 12mo. London and Glasgow: 1857.

MANY are the claims of Lord Brougham upon the respect and gratitude of his countrymen; and many are the titles by which he will be known to posterity. As a philanthropist his name is imperishably associated with those of Clarkson and Wilberforce in their efforts for the suppression of the Slave trade, and he has given the chief impulse to the great cause of the Education of the people. As a statesman, he has taken a leading part in counselling and carrying some of the most important political measures of the nineteenth century. As an advocate whose zeal for his client scorned consideration of personal advancement, he will be known, if for nothing else, yet for his immortal defence of Queen Caroline. As a lawyer, his name is inscribed in the list of Lord High Chancellors of England,—and he bounded to that lofty dignity from the ranks of the Bar, without having previously filled one of the subordinate law offices of the Crown. As a legislator the country owes to his perseverance some of the most important improvements in her civil laws, and we allude more especially to the radical changes that have been effected in the law of Evidence. He is not only a great speaker, but an able writer, as our own century of volumes will testify: not only a politician, who has fought like a gladiator for fifty years in the arena of party strife, but a man of letters, and a mathematician of no mean attainments. We remember when it was the fashion for those who cannot conceive the possibility of excellence in more than one department of knowledge, to sneer at Lord Brougham as “no lawyer.” But this is best answered by the fact, that in hardly a single instance were his judgments in the Court of Chancery reversed on appeal by the House of Lords; and we will venture to say, that although there have been lawyers like Buller, and Holroyd, and Bayley, and Littledale, more versed in the technicalities of their craft and the mysteries of special pleading—an abomination now well-nigh swept away,—few have been more profoundly imbued with the principles of the Common Law.

Rare, indeed, have been the examples of an intellect so vigorous and active. His energy

throughout life has been astounding; and even now, at a period which in other men would be called old age, it shows little sign of diminution or decay. Mentally, his eye is not dim, nor his natural strength abated; for he still prosecutes the cause of Law Reform with an ardor which might put to shame the efforts of younger men; and year after year he presses upon the Legislature measures of which the object is to simplify the machinery, and lessen to the suitor the costs of our courts of justice.

We do not intend to go over the wide field which a life so spent presents; but we propose in the present article to confine our attention to Lord Brougham as an Orator. It is by his speeches that his influence was most felt in the generation now fading from amongst us, and by them, more than any thing else, his colossal reputation has been built. Although there is, unhappily, something evanescent in those great efforts of the human tongue which have so often roused and ruled the passions and the intellect of the senate and the nation, their results belong to history, and Lord Brougham will leave no monument behind him more worthy to be held in lasting remembrance than these Orations. For he has labored to become a master in his art, and we see in the arrangement of his topics, the structure of his periods, and the choice of his language, the skill, and in its proper sense, the artifice, of the consummate rhetorician.

Upon the subject of oratory a lamentable misapprehension seems to prevail, and we are not sorry to have an opportunity of saying a few words about it. No one can deny that eloquence at the Bar and in Parliament is just now at a low ebb. It is often positively painful to enter a court of justice and hear the addresses to which juries are condemned to listen, from men who occupy the place where once stood an Erskine and a Brougham. No doubt there have been of late years brilliant exceptions, but we do not hesitate to say, that the general character of forensic oratory at the present day is far below what might be expected from the education, the opportunities, and the intellectual vigor of the age.

Nor is the state of things much better in the House of Commons. We do not of course expect that a country gentleman should be a good speaker because he has carried the

county; nor that merchants or railway directors should study Demosthenes in their counting-houses, and come forth as orators as soon as they have been returned for a borough; but how few of the practised debaters of the House ever rise to any thing which approaches to the name of oratory, how few are able to realize the idea of one whom Cicero describes: *qui jure non solum disertus sed etiam eloquens dici possit!* It has indeed been the custom of late to decry oratorical powers, as tending rather to dazzle and mislead than instruct and edify; and to praise the dull dry harangue of the plodding man of business, who crams down the throat of his audience a heap of statistical facts, and then wonders to find them gaping or asleep, rather than the brilliant speech of the accomplished orator, who enlivens his subject with the sallies of wit, and adorns it with the graces of imagery. But this kind of language proceeds more from mortified incapacity than approving judgment. Hobbes defined a republic to be an aristocracy of orators, interrupted at times by the monarchy of a single orator; and in a country like this, where the very highest rewards and the proudest position are the prizes open to successful eloquence, it may well be matter of wonder that the number of competitors is so small in the race where "that immortal garland is to be won, not without dust and heat."

And what is the reason of this? It arises we believe, chiefly from the fact that men will not believe that Oratory is an art, and that excellence in this, as in every other art, can only be attained by labor and by the study of the best models. To such an extent is this heresy carried, that it is actually considered a disparagement—a thing almost to be ashamed of—to be suspected of preparing a speech beforehand; and it is thought a recommendation of himself by an honorable member when, on rising to address the House, he declares that on entering it he had not the slightest intention of doing so. As if a man ever will or can speak well who takes no pains to make himself a proficient in the art, and who fancies that, like Dogberry's reading and writing, oratory comes by nature! The speaker must learn his craft as much as a painter or sculptor, or musician; although, like them also, he must have from nature some special aptitude for his vocation. If common sense did not tell us

this, the great examples of antiquity would prove it. Every schoolboy knows the enormous pains that Demosthenes and Cicero, took to qualify themselves for the task of addressing their fellow-citizens; and that some of the most celebrated orations that have come down to us from Athens and Rome were written for delivery, but actually never spoken at all.* Very different from the common practice has been, if we mistake not, Lord Brougham's conception of the work of the future orator. He has furnished abundant evidence of his familiarity with the classic models. He has shown his veneration for Demosthenes by translating the Chersonese Oration and the great Oration on the Crown; and on more than one occasion he is said to have committed to writing beforehand the finest parts of his own speeches. If this be true, we honor him the more for the homage he has paid to the eternal rule, that without such "improbable labor," excellence in any art is denied to man. And he has had his reward. He stands confessedly in the front rank of English orators, and he won his spurs at a time when the conflict was with giants.

At the present moment it will hardly be contested that the standard of oratory is far higher in the House of Lords than in the other House of Parliament; and if any one were asked to point out the best speakers in that august body he would name without hesitation, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Ellenborough. We hope that before long Lord Macaulay will be added to the list, but he has not yet made a display of his great oratorical powers in the assembly to which he has been elevated, and which by his presence he adorns. Of Lord Lyndhurst's power as a debater, it is impossible to speak too highly. But although at times, and in some passages, his speeches may be called eloquent, they want the rushing force—the declamatory vehemence—which is an essential element of oratory. Admirable in logic, comprehensive in statement, and faultless in diction, Lord Lyndhurst commands the atten-

* This subject has been illustrated by Lord Brougham himself, with his usual felicity, in some of his former contributions to this Journal, especially in the Essays on the Greek, Roman, English, and French Orators, now republished in the seventh volume of the Glasgow edition of his works, and in his "Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients."

tion of all who listen to him. But he appeals more to the reason than the feelings or the passions of his audience, and seeks to convince rather than to persuade. His discourse flows on like the waters of some calm majestic river unruffled by the wind; but we hear nothing of the dash of the torrent or the roar of the cataract;—there are no startling apostrophes, nor soul-stirring appeals, which, in the proud consciousness of his argumentative power, he seems almost to disdain. Certainly this cannot be said of Lord Derby, who, with a command of language as perfect as Lord Lyndhurst's, has a fire and a brilliancy peculiarly his own; but we should be disposed to place Lord Ellenborough at least on an equality with either of these eminent speakers, since he combines the exquisite precision of language of the one, with the force and animation of the other.

But great as these men are in debate, none of them can be said to rank as orators with Lord Brougham. If we were obliged to characterize his oratory by a single word, it would be Energy—the *Δεωρνη* of the Greeks. Cicero tells us that often when he rose to speak he trembled in every limb. We doubt whether this ever happened to Lord Brougham. But the Roman orator had by nature a weak and nervous constitution, and this may account for the timidity of a character which, although on a memorable occasion he could thunder forth—*Contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos*—caused him, in the strife of contending factions, painfully to oscillate between his regard for Pompey and his fear of Cæsar. With an athletic frame Lord Brougham possesses a mental organization singularly robust; and his style of speaking is cast in a corresponding mould. It is the furthest possible removed from the *exercitatio domestica ei umbratilis*, and is rather that which rushes *medium in agmen, in pulverem, in clamorem, in castra, atque in aciem forensem*. The following passage breathes not only the force of the orator, but the character of the man. It is from his speech in the House of Lords in 1838, on the emancipation of Negro apprentices:—

"I have read with astonishment, and I repel with scorn, the insinuation that I had acted the part of an advocate, and that some of my statements were colored to serve a

cause. How dares any man so to accuse me? How dares any one, skulking under a fictitious name, to launch his slanderous imputations from his covert? I come forward in my own person. I make the charge in the face of day. I drag the criminal to trial. I openly call down justice on his head. I defy his attacks. I defy his defenders. I challenge investigation. How dares any concealed adversary to charge me as an advocate speaking from a brief, and misrepresenting the facts to serve a purpose? But the absurdity of this charge even outstrips its malice."

Lord Brougham's voice is not musical; at times, in its higher tone, it is harsh and hoarse, and sounds like the scream of the northern eagle swooping down upon its prey; but he possesses the art of modulating it with admirable effect, and his elocution is not less cultivated than his diction. His power over the English language is wonderful. It was said of him on one occasion that he made it bend under him. We do not assert that the word chosen is not sometimes too strong. We will not affirm that he does not sometimes sin against a fastidious taste. We cannot deny that in ransacking his memory for epithets and synonyms,—or perhaps we should say polyonyms,—he brings up some that are too vehement, and that in his descriptions of persons and measures there is too much tendency to exaggerate. But his vocabulary is inexhaustible, and his faults are those of amplitude of power. He runs riot in the exuberance of strength. His periods are often declamatory, but there are no platitudes; and without declamation, in its proper sense, there is no oratory. It would be easy to point out in Demosthenes—still easier in Cicero—passages which, to the colder feelings of our western clime, seem overstrained and hyperbolic. But the criterion is this: How did they act upon the crowds that listened? Did they, or did they not, stir up from its innermost depths the soul of the auditory? For it must never be forgotten that the great end of oratory is to persuade, and by carrying captive the passions, to attack through them the citadel of reason. It will be found, on a careful study of Lord Brougham's speeches, that the declamation almost always assists the argument; it advances, so to speak, the action of the drama, and never, as is the case when it becomes mere tinsel or bombast in the hands of inferior men, impedes and encumbers it.

He is fond of iterating an idea, and clothing it in every imaginable form of words—piling Ossa on Pelion—and making each sentence rise in the scale of impressiveness. Some of his periods may be too long, and there is a danger lest the attention of the hearer—or perhaps we ought now to say the reader—should flag while pausing for the climax of the sentence; but there is no false grammar—no anacoluthon—no confusion of metaphor, and out of the longest sentence or succession of sentences, he winds himself with unerring accuracy.

He himself said in one of his speeches—that on the administration of justice in Ireland in 1839, when defending himself from the charge of violence and undue severity made against him by Lord Melbourne—"No man is a judge of the exact force and weight of his own expressions." Probably Lord Brougham has at times been hardly conscious of the force of the projectile he has launched from his lips in the ardor of debate. He reminds us of Polyphemus hurling rocks as if he were a boy flinging pebbles. Thus, speaking in 1823 of the Notes of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, with reference to the state of Spain in 1822-3, he said—

"I will venture to say that to produce anything more preposterous, more absurd, more extravagant, better calculated to excite a mingled feeling of disgust and derision, would baffle any chancery or state-paper office in Europe."

And again—

"Monstrous and insolent and utterly unbearable as all of them are, I consider that of Russia to be more monstrous, more insolent, and more prodigiously beyond endurance than the rest."

So also, speaking of the conduct of the Whigs on the Bed-chamber question in 1839—

"This is the novel, the uncouth, the portentous, the monstrous description of our free and popular constitution, which the Whig Government of 1839 has given to the Reformed Parliament of England."

That careful preparation of an elaborate speech does not unfit an orator for unprepared and effective reply, has been shown by Lord Brougham in some of his finest displays. We will mention one remarkable example. It is the speech delivered by him on the instant without a moment's notice, in answer to the charges brought by the late Sir Robert

(then Mr.) Peel, in 1819, against the Education Committee, of which Mr. Brougham had been Chairman. It is a masterly effort, full of the keenest sarcasm and most cutting point—and from a note at the end we learn that its preservation is owing to the accident of a barrister who took an interest in the subject, happening to be in the gallery of the House of Commons; for "the Newspapers, for some days before this debate took place, had refrained from reporting Mr. Brougham's speeches in consequence, as it is said, of some offence given by him to a reporter in the form of words used in referring to him." The following passage from this reply is a good illustration of the speaker's peculiar style—heaping sentence upon sentence, and stretching his topic until the tension becomes almost too great to be borne.

"But if I do not now satisfy all who hear me that the Committee were right, that this House was right, and the Right Honorable Gentleman wrong—if I do not succeed in proving to the heart's content of every one man of common candor and ordinary understanding, that the Right Honorable Gentleman is utterly wrong in all his charges—wrong from the beginning to the end of his labored oration—if I do not in a few minutes and by referring to a few plain matters strip that performance of all claim to credit—if I do not show him to be mistaken in his facts, out in his dates, at fault in his law, ignorant of all parliamentary precedent and practice, grossly uninformed, perhaps misinformed, upon the whole question which in an evil hour he has undertaken to handle, with no better help than the practical knowledge and discretion of those who have urged him on to the assault, while they showed only a vicarious prodigality of their own persons—then I will consent to suffer—what shall I say?—to endure whatever punishment the Right Honorable Gentleman may think fit to inflict upon me and my colleagues—even the weight of his censure which will assuredly in his estimation be fully equal to our demerits how great soever they may be. But I venture to hope that the House, mercifully regarding my situation while such a judgment is suspending, will allow me, ere the awful decree goes forth, to avert, if it be possible, from our devoted heads a fate so overwhelming."

Sarcastic irony, of which only a light touch appears in the latter part of the above extract, is a favorite weapon of Lord Brougham. Sometimes he has indulged in it even to the verge of indiscretion; as, for instance, in the following passage, from his speech in defence

of Queen Caroline, addressed, be it remembered, to the House of Lords, who were sitting in judgment upon her fate. But he doubtless knew how far he might venture to go in upbraiding while he affected to praise.

"This was when he was examined on the Tuesday. On the Friday, with the interval of two days,—and your Lordships, for reasons best known to yourselves, but which must have been bottomed on justice guided by wisdom, wisdom never more seen or better evidenced than in varying the course of conduct and adapting to new circumstances the actions we perform—wisdom which will not, if it be perfect in its kind and absolute in its degree, ever sustain any loss by the deviation—for this reason alone, in order that injustice might not be done (for what in one case may be injurious to a defendant, may be expected mainly to assist a defendant in another,)—your Lordships, not with a view to injure the Queen—your Lordships, with a view to farther not to frustrate the ends of justice—allowed the evidence to be printed, which afforded to the witnesses, if they wished it, means of mending and improving upon their testimony."

And this reminds us of another passage in the same speech, where, flinging irony aside, he with unparalleled boldness charged the Peers of England, before whom he stood as the advocate of the Queen, with having themselves, by their own conduct, forced her to associate abroad with persons beneath her, and thus incur the degradation of which she was then accused.

"But who," he asked, "are they that bring this charge, and above all before whom do they urge it? Others may accuse her—others may blame her for going abroad—others may tell tales of the consequences of living among Italians, and of not associating with the women of her country or of her adopted country; but it is not your Lordships that have any right to say so. It is not you, my Lords, that can fling this stone at Her Majesty. You are the last persons in the world—who now presume to judge her, are the last persons in the world so to charge her; for you are the witnesses whom she must call to vindicate her from that charge. You are the last persons who can so charge her; for you being her witnesses, have been the instigators of that only admitted crime. While she was here she courteously opened the doors of her palace to the families of your Lordships. She graciously condescended to mix herself in the habits of most familiar life with those virtuous and distinguished per-

sons. . . . But when changes took place—when other views opened—when that power was to be retained which she had been made the instrument of grasping—when that lust of power and place was to be continued its gratification, to the first gratification of which she had been made the victim,—then her doors were opened in vain; then that society of the Peeresses of England was withholden from her; then she was reduced to the alternative, humiliating indeed either to acknowledge that you had deserted her or to leave the country and have recourse to other society inferior to yours."

Our limits will not allow us to attempt an analysis of this celebrated speech, and indeed, it is too well known to need that we should do so. All who have read it must have stamped upon their memories the way in which Mr. Brougham shattered the evidence in support of the bill, and the irresistible force with which he insisted upon its rejection, not only on account of the worthlessness of the witnesses who were called, but the absence of the witnesses who were not. In anticipation of the taunt which might be expected from those who would say that he might call the latter himself, he burst forth:—

"And if you do not call them'—in the name of justice, what? Say!—Say!—For shame, in this temple—this highest temple of justice, to have her most sacred rights so profaned, that I am to be condemned in the plentitude of proof, if guilt is; that I am to be condemned, unless I run counter to the presumption which bears sway in all Courts of Justice, that I am innocent until I am proved guilty; and that my case is to be considered as utterly ruined, unless I call my adversary's witnesses! Oh most monstrous! most incredible! My Lords! my Lords! if you mean ever to show the face of those symbols by which Justice is known to your country, without making them stand an eternal condemnation of yourselves, I call upon you instantly to dismiss this case, and for this single reason; and I will say not another word upon this subject."

It was in the same speech that he uttered his well-known description of the duties of an advocate.

"I once before took occasion to remind your Lordships—which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be necessary to remind—that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes to his client, knows in the discharging that office but one person in the world, THAT CLIENT AND NONE OTHER. To

save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestionable of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm—the suffering—the torment—the destruction—which he may bring upon another. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must prove reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection!"

This, if considered as propounding an article in the code of forensic ethics, is an exaggerated and erroneous view, against which the right reason of every one instinctively revolts; but the speaker meant it to apply to and foreshadow the necessity to which he might be driven of recriminating upon the King, and impugning his title to the throne in consequence of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Although Mr. Brougham did not go so far as this, yet he went far enough in vindicating his claim to know in the discharge of his duty to his client "but one person in the world, that client and no other," when he called the King "the ringleader of the band of perjured witnesses;" and in quoting an affectionate letter from George III. to his daughter-in-law, said, that he could not read it "without a feeling of sorrow, when we reflect upon the reign that has passed, and compare it with the rule we live under."

It is needless to express any opinion upon the merits of the case, or to revive a controversy, in every aspect most unhappy, which has died away. We are dealing with the Queen's trial merely as it afforded a great occasion for a great advocate; and no one can deny the matchless skill with which the defence was conducted, and the power with which the testimony of Majocchi, the "*non mi ricordo*" Majocchi—of Demont, the Machiavel of waiting maids"—of Cucchi, with "that unmatched physiognomy, those gloating eyes, that sniffing nose, that lecherous mouth"—of Sacchi, and of Kress, and indeed of all the witnesses for the bill, was sifted, anatomized, and destroyed. We will quote the peroration of the speech, and chiefly for the purpose of calling attention to the rising climax at the beginning.

"Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this

measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name, of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country that you may continue to adorn it—save the Crown which is in jeopardy—the Aristocracy which is shaken—save the Altar which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications to the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

In connexion with the Queen's trial another opportunity was afforded to Mr. Brougham for a great oratorical display. When she died in August, 1821, the bells of most of the churches throughout England were tolled,—but those of Durham remained silent. Neither church nor cathedral there paid this tribute of respect to her memory; and a Mr. Williams, the editor of a local newspaper at Durham, commented with some severity upon the omission. What he wrote would now-a-days pass unheeded and disregarded, but those were times of *ex-officio* informations; and the late Lord Abinger, then Mr. Scarlett, the Attorney-General of the County Palatine, obtained a rule, which was afterwards made absolute, for a criminal information against John Williams, the publisher of the para-

graph, for a libel against "the clergy residing in and near the city of Durham." We more than doubt whether such a body—having no corporate character or capacity—could, in point of law, be the possible subjects of a *libel*, so as to enable them to be the relators in a criminal information. But the rule was granted, and Williams was defended before a Durham jury by Mr. Brougham.

In the alleged libel occurred the following passage:—"Yet these men profess to be followers of Jesus Christ, to walk in his footsteps, to teach his precepts, to inculcate his spirit, to promote harmony, charity, and Christian love! Out upon such hypocrisy!"—and Mr. Scarlett, who conducted the prosecution, had suggested in his opening address to the jury that the reason why the bells of Durham were silent was because the clergy there too deeply sympathized with the Queen's fate to give open expression to their sorrow. This was indeed to expose an unguarded flank to the enemy and invite a terrible attack, and thus did Mr. Brougham avail himself of the opportunity.

"The venerable the clergy of Durham, I am told now for the first time . . . did nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her suffering in the bottom of their reverend hearts! When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous as others, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow clung round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, THEIR silence, the contrast which THEY displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less because they felt the more!—Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this! most consummate of all the hypocrites! After instructing your chosen official advocate to stand forward with such a defence—such an exposition of your motives—to dare to utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it! This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright frank honest hypocrites to what you have made yourselves—and surely for all you have ever done or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satisfied with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement and ample retribution!"

In the same speech occurs a passage which we must cite as perfect in its kind. Mr. Scarlett had lamented in his opening that the clergy had not the power of defending themselves through the public press. Mr. Brougham declared that they had largely used it and "scurriously and foully libelled" the defendant. He then thus proceeded:—

"Not that they wound deeply or injure much; but that is no fault of theirs: without hurting they give trouble and discomfort. The insect brought into life by corruption, and nestled in filth, though its flight be lowly and its sting puny, can swarm and buzz and irritate the skin and offend the nostril, and altogether give us nearly as much annoyance as the wasp, whose nobler nature it aspires to emulate. These reverend slanderers—these pious backbiters—devoid of force to wield the sword, snatch the dagger; and destitute of wit to point or to barb it, and make it rankle in the wound, steep it in venom to make it fester in the scratch."

Nor was this the last occasion on which Lord Brougham defended the memory of the Queen. No one can doubt the sincerity of his conviction of her innocence, and he has seized every opportunity of proclaiming it to the world. In a debate in 1823, on the question of the administration of the Law in Ireland, brought forward by himself, Mr. Peel had censured his reference to a letter which had been addressed by the Irish Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, to Lord Norbury, then Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and in which the writer had suggested that Lord Norbury should make use of his position as a judge on circuit to influence those with whom he came in contact against Catholic Emancipation. This letter was a private one, which had got into print by some improper means, contrary to the wish and intention of Mr. Saurin, and had been the subject of much public remark. On hearing the attack, Mr. Brougham turned to Mr. Denman and Mr. Williams, who with Dr. Lushington had been his colleagues on the Queen's trial, and, quoting Cromwell's words at the battle of Dunbar, said, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands." When he rose to reply he thus dealt with the accusation, and thus retorted upon his adversary:

"And why, let me ask, am I to be blamed for simply referring to an extensively published letter, as if I had first given it publicity? . . . I entirely agree with the Right Honorable Gentleman, in his condemnation

of those who have been concerned in obtaining the letter for the purpose of publishing it. Their conduct may not be criminal by the enactments of the law, but it is morally dishonest, and it is revolting to every honorable feeling. I go heartily along with him in reprobating all such odious practices; I hold with him that it is shameful, indecent, abominable to encourage them; I consider it truly detestable to hold out the encouragement of bribes for the purpose of corrupting servants, and inducing them to violate their first duty, and betray the secrets of their master—aye, and of their mistress too!—I say of their mistress!—of their mistress!—and not only to betray her secrets and to steal her papers, and to purloin her letters, but to produce them for the treacherous, the foul, the execrable purpose of supporting a charge against her honor and her life, founded on the documents that have been pilfered by her servants and sold to her enemies! the proofs obtained by perfidy suborned, and larceny perpetrated! and then to carry on a prosecution wholly grounded on matter drawn from sources so polluted, as at once insulted, disgraced, and degraded the nation—a prosecution so foul, so utterly abominable, making the sun shroud himself in darkness, as if unwilling to lend the light of day to the perpetration of such enormous wickedness! * And by whom was this infamy enacted? By the Ministers of the Crown—by the very colleagues of the Right Honorable Gentleman who now pronounces so solemn a denunciation of all that tends to encourage servants in betraying the confidence of their masters and their mistresses!”

Lord Brougham is sparing in the use of metaphor, and hardly ever resorts to a simile. But when he does employ metaphor it is always apt and effective. We may give as a specimen his description of the benefits conferred by the Reform Bill, which occurs in a speech delivered by him in 1839, on what was called the Bed-chamber Question, so fatal to Sir Robert Peel's attempt to form an Administration in the month of May in that year.

“It is my clear and deliberate conviction (and if I had not so believed I never would have consented to the change in 1831 and 1832, much less promoted it)—that if the altered Constitution is fit for the calm, it is yet better suited to the tempest; if the vessel can ride the more safely in smooth water, since the repairs she has underwent, they were still more necessary for enabling her to

bear the storm. Her being made more tight in her rigging, better trimmed, better manned, and by a more contented crew, sounder in her timbers, more secure and more seaworthy in all her fabric, far from rendering her less fit safely to ride through the troubled waters, must make her more powerful to defy the strife of the elements. . . . The vessel has undergone a thorough repair; not unnecessary for her security in the fairest weather, but in the stress of wind and wave absolutely required to give her a chance of safety.”

And, although it is not included in the collection we are reviewing, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting an extract from his noble speech on the State of the Law, where a fine metaphor is beautifully sustained.

“The great stream of Time is perpetually flowing on; all things around us are in ceaseless motion; and we vainly imagine to preserve our relative position among them by getting out of the current and standing stock-still on the margin. The stately vessel we belong to glides down; our bark is attached to it; we might ‘pursue the triumph and partake the gale;’ but worse than the fool who stares expecting the current to flow down and run out, we exclaim, ‘Stop the boat!’ and would tear it away to strand it for the purpose of preserving its connexion with the vessel.”

It is, however, in the power of description that Lord Brougham peculiarly excels. No one can paint with more force a picture in words. Witness that tremendous passage with which he appalled the House of Lords when, in his speech on the Slave Trade in 1838, he described the horrors of the Middle Passage and spoke of the shark that follows in the wake of the slave-ship; “and her course is literally to be tracked through the ocean by the blood of the murdered, with which her enormous crime stains its waters.” Our space will not allow us to do more than give a fragment of the picture in which are drawn scenes—

“Scenes not exceeded in horror by the forms with which the great Tuscan poet peopled the Hell of his fancy, nor by the dismal tints of his illustrious countryman's pencil breathing its horrors over the vaults of the Sistine Chapel! *Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis!* On the deck and in the loathsome hold are to be seen the living chained to the dead—the putrid carcass remaining to mock the survivor with a spectacle that to him presents no terrors—to mock him with the spectacle of a release that he envies! Nay, women have been known to

* An eclipse of the sun happened to take place at the time of the opening of the case for the Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen.

bring forth the miserable fruit of the womb, surrounded by the dying and the dead—the decayed corpses of their fellow victims.”

After this, his affecting account of the sufferings of the people in his speech against the Orders in Council in 1812 seems almost tame. And yet his tale of starving penury and silent woe in the manufacturing districts was told with infinite skill—we fear with not more skill than truth—and touched the hearts of all who heard it. Speaking of Birmingham he asked :—

“In what state do you find that once busy hive of men? Silent, still, and desolate during half the week; during the rest of it, miserably toiling at reduced wages, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to maintain animal life in the lowest state of comfort, and at all times swarming with unhappy persons, willing, anxious to work for their lives, but unable to find employment. He must have a stout heart within him who can view such a scene, and not shudder. But even this is not all A third would say that he was afraid to see his people because he had no longer the means of giving them work, and he knew that they would flock around him and implore to be employed at the lowest wages: for something wholly insufficient to feed them. “Indeed,” said one, “our situation is greatly to be pitied; it is most distressing; and God only knows what will become of us, for it is most unhappy!”

He possesses also an unrivalled fertility in strong and apposite illustration. This is one of the most effective ornaments of a speech, vividly condensing the argument and bringing it home at once to the apprehension. We will give one or two examples. Alluding to the pressure of misery caused by the Orders in Council, and the wild ideas that were afloat of the relief that was likely to flow from the proposed abolition of the East India Company's trading monopoly,—when one district, which raised no earthly produce but black horned cattle, had petitioned for a free exportation to the East Indies—and “the ancient and respectable city of Newcastle which grows nothing but pit coal, had earnestly entreated that it might be allowed to ship that useful article to supply the stoves and hot-houses of Calcutta,” he said :—

“They remind one of the accounts which have been handed down to us of the great pestilence which once visited this city. Nothing in the story of that awful time is more affecting than the picture which it presents

of the vain efforts made to seek relief. Miserable men might be seen rushing forth into the streets and wildly grasping the first passenger they met, to implore his help, as if by communicating the poison to others they could restore health to their own veins, or life to its victims whom they had left stretched before it. In that dismal period there was no end of projects and nostrums for preventing or curing the disease; and numberless empirics every day started up with some new delusion, rapidly made fortunes of the hopes and terrors of the multitude, and then as speedily disappeared, or were themselves borne down by the general destroyer. Meanwhile the malady raged until its force was spent; the attempts to cure it were doubtless all baffled; but the eagerness with which men hailed each successive contrivance, proved too plainly how vast was their terror and how universal the suffering that prevailed.”

And again, in the same speech, in answer to the question, what had the Orders in Council to do with the scarcity arising from a deficient crop?—

“Why, Sir, to deny that those measures affect the scarcity, is as absurd as it would be to deny that our Jesuits' Bark Bill exasperated the misery of the French hospitals, for that the wretches there died of the ague and not of the bill. True, they died of the ague; but your murderous policy withheld from them that kindly herb which the Providence that mysteriously inflicted the disease, mercifully bestowed for the relief of suffering humanity.”

Throughout these orations occur from time to time magnificent bursts of the finest eloquence, and our only difficulty is to make a selection. We might quote from his speech in 1812, at the Liverpool Election, his invective against the policy of Mr. Pitt. “Immortal in the triumphs of our enemies and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years reign, from the first rays of favor with which a delighted court gilded his early apostacy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally!”* We might also quote from his speech on the Army Estimates in 1816,—a speech which we are told by himself had a greater success than any other made by him in Parliament—his

* The news of the burning of Moscow had arrived in Liverpool by that day's post.

comparison of France in 1792, when "a prodigious revolution had unchained twenty-six millions of men in the heart of Europe," with France at the time he spoke, after "Jacobinism, itself arrested by the Directory, punished by the Consuls, reclaimed by the Emperor, has become attached to the cause of good order, and made to serve it with the zeal, the resources and the address of a malefactor engaged by the police after the time of his sentence had expired." Or the peroration of his speech in 1823, on abuses in the Administration of the Law in Ireland, which Mr. Wilberforce in his "Diary" (see his "Life," vol. v. p. 186.) called "quite thundering—magnificent, but very unjust declamation." With the justice or injustice of the attack we are not now concerned, but it is melancholy to think that such a theme should have afforded materials for a long oration in the House of Commons little more, than thirty years ago, and that it should have been possible to say there, as Mr. Brougham did say, "In England, justice is delayed, but thank Heaven, it can never be sold. In Ireland it is sold to the rich, refused to the poor, delayed to all. It is in vain to disguise the fact; it is in vain to shun the disclosure of the truth. . . . We are driving six millions of people to despair, madness. . . ."

But at the risk of choosing a passage which some may think eclipsed by others more rhetorical and brilliant, we will give an extract from the close of his speech in the House of Commons in 1830 on Negro Slavery, which we think remarkably fine :—

"Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes. Such it is at this day. It is the law written in the heart of man by the finger of his Maker; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold

property in man!* In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations: the covenants of the Almighty, whether of the old Covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions."

With this it is worth while to compare his grand and impassioned burst of indignant eloquence, when denouncing in the House of Lords, in 1838, the cruelties practised in our West India Colonies, and calling upon the House to assent to the immediate emancipation of the Negro apprentices. Eleven female slaves had been severely flogged, and then forced by torture to work on the treadmill, "till their sufferings had reached the pitch when life can no longer even glimmer in the socket of the weary frame." They died—and

"Ask you," said the great champion of the cause of African freedom, "ask you, if crimes like these, murderous in their legal nature, as well as frightful in their aspect, passed unnoticed; if inquiry was neglected to be made respecting these deaths in a prison? No such thing! The forms of justice were, on this head, peremptory even in the West Indies; and those forms, the handmaids of Justice, were present, though their sacred mistress was far away. The coroner duly attended; his jury were regularly impanelled; eleven inquisitions were made in order, and eleven verdicts returned. Murder! manslaughter! misdemeanor! misconduct! No—but 'Died by the Visitation of God!' 'Died by the visitation of God! A lie! a perjury! a blasphemy! The visitation of God! Yes, for it is amongst the most awful of those visitations by which the inscrutable purposes of His will are mysteriously accomplished, that He sometimes arms the wicked with power to oppress the guiltless; and if there be any visitation more dreadful than another—any which more tries the faith and vexes the reason of erring mortals, it is when Heaven showers down upon earth the plague—not of scorpions, or pestilence, or famine, or war—but of unjust judges and perjured jurors; wretches who pervert the law to wreak their personal ven-

* Some years ago, when a case was argued before Lord Denman and several other judges in Serjeants' Inn, involving incidentally the right of a Spanish or Portuguese vessel to carry slaves, the counsel who argued that a certain capture was unlawful, was assuming that, by the Law of Nations, slave-trading was lawful; upon which Lord Denman said, "I don't know that; I should like to hear that point argued." However, it was soon shown that what the laws of the principal nations of Europe had sanctioned, could not be contrary to the Law of Nations; and indeed so Lord Stowell had decided in the case of the French vessel *Le Louis* in 1817.

geance, or compass their sordid ends, forswearing themselves upon the gospels of God, to the end that injustice may prevail and the innocent be destroyed!"

Lord Brougham is also a great master of the art of ridicule, which becomes in his hands a formidable weapon. He is obviously fond of it, and uses it often with marked effect. But we are bound to say that it is never ill-natured; there is no venom in the point. The wound may pain for a moment, but it never festers. And there is often an hilarity in the satirical attack which might make even the victim himself join in the laughter of which he is the object. When the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon had sealed the Continent against the imports of British commerce, and we had tried to retaliate by the Orders in Council, which had the effect of stopping our American trade, and involving us in a quarrel with the United States, the Ministers advanced the argument that a substitute for our former market was found in our increasing trade with the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of South America. In point of fact, our *North American* trade had amounted to thirteen millions sterling a year—while the *South American* trade was only one million. By way of illustrating the importance and magnitude of the commerce we had lost, Mr. Brougham drew an amusing picture of the raptures of joy into which Ministers would be thrown if they could command such a market anywhere on the Continent.

"Why, Sir, only conceive an event which should give an opening in the north of Europe or the Mediterranean for but a small part of this vast bulk—some change or accident, by which a thirteenth, aye, or a thirtieth, of the enormous value of British goods could be thrown into the enemy's countries! In what transports of delight would the new President [of the Board of Trade, Mr. Rose] be flung! I verily believe he would make but one step from his mansion to his office—all Downing Street, and all Duke's Place would be in an uproar of joy. Bless me, what a scene of activity and business should we see! what Cabinets—what Boards!—What amazing conferences of Lords of Trade!—What a driving together of Ministers!—What a rustling of small clerks!—What a mighty rushing of brokers!—Circulars to the manufacturing towns—harangues upon 'Change, performed by eminent naval characters—triumphal processions of dollars and volunteers in St. James' Square!—Hourly

deputations from the merchants—courteous and pleasing answers from the Board—a speedy importation into Whitehall, to a large amount, of worthy knights representing the City—a quick return cargo of licenses and hints for cargoes—the whole craft and mystery of that license trade revived, with its appropriate perjuries and frauds—new life given to the drooping firms of dealers in forgery whom I formerly exposed to you—answered by corresponding activity in the Board of Trade, and its clerks—slips of the pen worth fifteen thousand pounds*—judicious mistakes—well considered oversights—elaborate inadvertencies.—Why, so happily constituted is the Right Honorable Gentleman's understanding, that his very blunders are more precious than the accuracies of other men; and it is no metaphor, but a literal mercantile proposition to say, that it is better worth our while to err with him than to think rightly with the rest of mankind!"

In a review of Lord Brougham's speeches, it would be unpardonable to omit mention of his great Oration on Parliamentary Reform—one of the most elaborate of all his efforts. But it is too well known to require more than a brief notice. Nothing but the highly-wrought state of public feeling could justify the scene at the close, when sinking on the ground beside the woosack, the Lord Chancellor exclaimed, 'By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you,—yea, *on my bended knees* I supplicate you—reject not this bill.' This is too theatrical for good taste. It reminds us of the exaggerated manner of the Père Lacordaire in the French pulpit, or of some of the extravagant scenes which have occurred in the French revolutionary assemblies. But the genius of French oratory is essentially different from our own. Let us, however, not be understood to depreciate the eloquence of our neighbors, either in the pulpit or the tribune or at the bar. The country which has produced a Bossuet and a Massillon—a D'Aguesseau, a Berryer, and a Guizot, may well contend with others for the palm of excellence in speech; and it is one of the most melancholy results of the suppression of liberty in France, that her orators are dumb, and that the force of a military despotism, or

* Mr. Baring (afterwards Lord Ashburton) had stated in the House of Commons, that by two mistakes at one time, licenses were rendered so valuable, that he would have given that sum for them.

the restrictions of a jealous police, have crushed into silence the tribune which has been the scene of so many triumphs of eloquence and freedom. *Quousque tandem?*

The speech on Parliamentary Reform has several fine passages, but it is not, throughout, so eloquent as many others delivered by Lord Brougham. It is more in the nature of an exhaustive reply to the arguments that had been advanced in opposition to the bill by Lords Dudley, Winchelsea, Wharmcliffe, Harrowby, and Caernarvon, and these were met and parried and retorted with admirable skill. The Earl of Caernarvon, in answer to the question, What Reform had the Opposition to offer if the proposed measure was rejected? had compared the Ministry to some host, who, having set before his guests an uneatable dinner with which they found fault, should ask them, 'What dishes can you dress yourselves?'—and thus Lord Brougham took up the illustration:—

"My noble friend says that such an answer would be very unreasonable—for he asks, ingeniously enough, 'how can the guests dress a dinner, especially when they have not possession of the kitchen?' But did it never strike him that the present is not the case of guests, called upon to eat a dinner—it is one of rival cooks, who want to get into our kitchen. We are here all on 'every side cooks,—a synod of cooks (to use Dr. Johnson's phrase) and nothing but cooks; for it is the very condition of our being—the bond of our employment under a common master—that none of us shall ever taste the dishes we are now dressing. The Commons may taste it; but can the Lords? We have nothing to do but propose the viands. It is therefore of primary importance, when the authority of two classes of rival artists is the main question, to inquire what are our seats severally in our common calling."

And in answer to the extreme and impossible case put by the Earl of Harrowby, of the population of an enfranchised borough of four thousand souls being all paupers, he said that he had a right to put an extreme case on the other side, to illustrate the nature of representations under the rotten borough system; and he instanced the case of the Nabob Wallajah Cawn Bahadur, who "had actually his eighteen or twenty members bought with a price, and sent to look after his pecuniary interests as honest and independent members of Parliament."

"Behold," he said, "the sovereign of the

Carnatic, who regards nor land, nor rank, nor connexion, nor open country, nor populous city; but his eye fastens on the time-honored relics of departed greatness and extinct population—the walls of Sarum and Gattton; he arms his right hand with venerable parchments, and pointing with his left to a heap of star pagodas, too massive to be carried along, lays siege to the citadel of the Constitution, the Commons' House of Parliament, and its gates fly open to receive his well-disciplined band."

But our limits compel us to stop. We shall be glad if anything we have said has the effect of making these speeches more generally read. We advise all who wish to qualify themselves as public speakers to study the orations of Lord Brougham. They will find them a storehouse of manly thought, of vigorous argument, and lofty eloquence upon all the great questions of his time. Few may hope to rival the orator who defeated the bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline, and snapped asunder the chain of Slavery; but none can fail to profit by the example. But above all things, let no one imagine, that without taking pains and bestowing labor, he can rise to eminence as an Orator. He may be a fluent speaker and an expert debater, but an orator he will not be, if he refuses to copy the example and follow the precepts of the great masters of the art. And of all auxiliaries to the tongue, the pen is the best. Cicero tells us, that *stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister*; and to use his own beautiful simile, the habit of writing passages in a speech will communicate aptness and force to extempore expression, just as the vessel retains her onward way from the impetus previously given, after the stroke of the oar has ceased. Let us, however, not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to advise a habit of writing out the whole of a speech, and getting it off by heart before it is delivered. Not only does this impose too great a load upon the memory, and render the chance of a break down almost inevitable, when, from sudden nervousness or any other cause, some passage which forms a necessary link in the chain is forgotten;—but it prevents a speaker from feeling, as it were, the pulse of his audience, and varying his style and tone according to the impression which he sees is made upon them. In most cases a written speech is a failure from this cause. But the subject

matter should be beforehand well and thoroughly digested;—there should be the *cogitatio et commentatio* insisted upon by Cicero; and in addition to this, with respect to particular passages, the *assidua ac diligens scriptura*. By this means the speaker will have, laid up in the arsenal of his memory, a supply of weapons ready for any emergency that may arise; and it is almost a truism to say, that sentences considered beforehand in the laboratory of thought, and submitted to criticism and revision by being embodied in written composition, must be more likely to be effective than those which are thrown off hastily in the hurry of debate, when there is no time to pause for the best and most appropriate expression. But, indeed, the habit of composition will have the effect of suggesting to the speaker, at all times, the best word and the best sentence; and will thus assist him whenever the necessity occurs for unpremeditated reply. Cicero amongst the ancients, and Lord Brougham amongst the moderns, have shown with what advantage

familiarity with writing and practice in speaking mutually act and react upon each other.*

In conclusion, we may add, that the value of this collection of Lord Brougham's speeches is enhanced by the historical introductions written by himself, and prefixed to several of them, explaining the occasions on which they were delivered, and the subjects to which they refer. The style of these introductions is excellent—clear, vigorous, and correct—and they are in themselves a very useful contribution to the history of the nineteenth century.

* We cannot take leave of the subject of oratory without a passing allusion to the highly important labors and discoveries of Mr. Churchill Babington, which have enabled him recently to recover from Egyptian papyri in the British Museum copious fragments of no less than three of the Orations of Hyperides. The last of these discoveries is the long lost famous *emprolos* of this orator, being the funeral discourse over Leosthenes and his comrades in the Lamiian War, which has just been published with the munificent assistance of the Royal Society of Literature. This work is a real addition to the known remains of Greek oratory, for it puts us almost entirely in possession of another of the most celebrated orations of antiquity.

WATER AT JERUSALEM.—A correspondent of the *Christian Era*, (Boston,) dating his letter at Jerusalem, says:

"The fountain of Elisha waters the plain of Jericho east and west of the village—and is several miles from the Jordan; and furthermore, there is plenty of water in Jerusalem and neighborhood, where persons could be immersed, without resorting to the Jordan. Take, for instance, the upper pool of Gihon, which is only a few steps or yards from the north-western corner of the city, and measures 310 feet long by 200 feet wide. This pool would measure around it some 10,200 feet, and in depth 14 feet. You may now calculate how much water that pool would hold. I was out to that pool a few days ago, and saw thirty Arabian horses in it drinking water. It is my opinion that 3,000 persons could have been immersed in that ancient pool, without going out of the city. There is also another ancient pool, a few yards from St. Stephen's on the east side of the city, which measures 106 feet 13 inches long west side; the north side 89 feet; the east side 109 feet; the south side 89 feet; depth at the steps 23 feet 2 inches. Then there is the pool of Siloam on the south side of the city, to which the Savior sent the blind man to wash for the recovery of his sight. (John ix. 7.) In any of the above-

named pools, you can easily see that they would be very favorable places to which the people could resort to be baptized; and that in either of them, 3,000 persons could have been immersed without going to the Jordan."

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN 1787.—During Arthur Young's visit to Paris, in 1787, he visited M. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic "who (says Young, in his published "Travels") has made a remarkable discovery in electricity. You write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears, he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town for instance; or, for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful."

From Household Words.
WALKER.

It is well known that the meaning of many words has altered considerably since they were first introduced into the English language; indeed, this fact has been fully and cleverly illustrated in the arguments which have been recently heard, in favor of a new translation of the Bible; but, perhaps it is not so well known that the pronunciation has been susceptible of equal changes.

We can obtain an excellent idea of the unsettled state of pronunciation at the commencement of the present century, by dipping into one of the first editions of Walker, whom we find laying down the law in a very quaint and querulous manner. Remembering the very partial spread of education in Walker's time, we must not be surprised to find no more than few really correct speakers; still we should hardly have expected that he would have met with so many difficulties as he complains of.

He tells us that there are "coxcombs in pronunciation who would carry distinctions farther than they ought to go." That the rule for the adaptation of a word was, that it should be pronounced in direct opposition to the rules of our language. The stage was constantly introducing innovations not at all agreeable to Walker, and the House of Commons was guilty of similar barbarities. Poets, he allows, should have a certain license; but they who, when tortured for a word, often torture a word to ease themselves, are generally guilty of one part only of the cruelty of Procrustes; and that is of shortening such words as are too long for their verse. In this way Cowley crushed many words, and Milton did the same in innumerable instances. Spencer corrupted words for rhyme, and was imitated by Dryden. All these causes together, rendered the English language in such a ruinous condition, that Walker burst out into the following pathetic lamentation: "How hard is the fate of an Englishman, who, to write and speak his own language properly, must not only understand French, Latin, and Greek, but Hebrew also!" In this forlorn state of things, Walker urged the reader of his Pronouncing Dictionary, to adhere as closely as possible to antiquity; but his favorite weapon against the perverse independence, prevalent in orthoëpical matters was the analogy of the language.

Antiquity is argued to be in favor of pronouncing Raisins, Reesins; because Shakspeare made Falstaff tell Prince Henry, when asked to give reasons for his conduct that "if raisins were as plentiful as blackberries he would not give him one upon compulsion." Walker thinks this proves reesins to have

been the usual pronunciation in Queen Elizabeth's time, therefore in departing from that we destroy the wit of Shakspeare. We are further informed that Sheridan was the first to introduce our present pronunciation of the word. It is not an unnatural variation for an Irishman.

Another pun of Shakspeare's is considered indisputable proof that Rome was Room, in his time. The pronunciation of this word gives our author no trouble. It was irrevocably fixed; he traces it from Elizabeth to Anne, and then to Pope, who rhymes it to doom. Pope does not enjoy indemnity from the accusation of torture ascribed to other poets. Indeed, if some words were sounded now, as they appear to have been spoken in the Augustan age of literature, they would fall on the ear discordantly. Rhymes continually recur in the poems of Dryden, Pope, Gay, and especially in the prologues and epilogues to the plays of that time, which lead to the belief ("Kings not being," according to Byron, "more imperative than rhymes") that, for instance, Are was commonly pronounced as if it were written Air. These lines are from Dryden's *Eleonora*:

"Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or (which is better) knew, but never durst
compare."

Again:

"For such vicissitudes in Heaven there are,
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer."

Player is also made to rhyme, very generally, to such sounds. In the prologue to Steele's *Funeral*, or *Grief à la Mode*, we are told:

"All that now, or please, or fright the fair,
May be performed without a writer's care,
And is the skill of carpenter, not player."

We should be startled to hear a well-educated person of to-day pronounce Oil, Ile; yet rhymes of that kind abound. Pope, in the first part of his essay on *Satire*, writes thus:

"Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles,
And Force, strong-sinewed, rends the unequal
toils."

True, that further on Pope makes the same word rhyme to Hoyle. But, in the epilogue to the play we have mentioned above, and in other poems too numerous to quote from, we have similar discords:

"He'd sing what hovering Fate attends our Isle,
And from base pleasure rouse from glorious
toil."

Whatever may have been Walker's opinion on such euphonies by these poets, he is not uniformly submissive—being a very fickle person—to Shakspeare. He recommends us

in such sentences as "sleeping within mine orchard," to change the mine to my. He thinks whenever "mine occurs we have a formality, stateliness, and uncouthness of sound peculiarly unpleasant to the ear." We must therefore he, facetiously, says, "pronounce it min; but, by thus mincing the matter (if the pun will be pardoned), we mutilate the word, and leave it more disagreeable to the ear than before." Otherwise we must make the alteration he suggests.

Antiquity again exerts its claim to be remembered in the first syllable of Chamber, which used universally to be pronounced to rhyme with Psalm. It has been gradually narrowing to the slender sound in came, and thereby militates against the laws of syllabication. Walker is not surprised at it, however; for, if two such words as Cam and Bridge could not resist the force of custom which has for so many years reduced them to Camebridge, why should we wonder that Chamber and Cambrick, or Tynemouth and Teignmouth, should yield to the same unrelenting tyrant?

Walker declares that custom had also made it so usual to say Sparrow-grass, that Asparagus has an air of stiffness and pedantry. This, of course, drives our author to despair; and so does the pronunciation of Cucumber, "which is too firmly fixed in its sound of Cowcumber, to be altered." He has a gleam of hope that Radish may retain its correct sound. This word is commonly but corruptly pronounced, as if written Reddish. "The deviation is but small; nor do I think it so incorrigible as that of its brother esculents the sparrow-grass and cowcumber just mentioned." Not an inapt accompaniment to these esculents is Sausage, which Sheridan prefers pronouncing Sassidge; nor is he unsupported in his peculiarity. Still Walker considers it vulgar and not agreeable to best usage.

The analogy of the language appears to great advantage in the following: "Polite speakers interpose a sound like the letter y between g and a in garden, which coalesces with both, and gives a mellowness to the sound. Thus, A Garden, pronounced in this manner, is nearly similar to the two words,—egg and yarden united into Egg-yarden." To our more modern ears the effect of Tennyson's melodious appeal, "Come into the gheyarden, Maud," would be considerably marred by this polite pronunciation. The same rule applies to Guard, Guile, Guardian, Gild and Guilt, all of which necessarily admit of the e sound between hard g and i, or we cannot pronounce them. Kind, Sky, and others are changed by the same coalition into Key-inde and Skey-eye. Nor is this a fanciful pecu-

liarity; but a mispronunciation arising from euphony, and the analogy of the language.

On the word Corruptible we find some very pungent remarks. Walker complains that, "Some affected speakers have done all in their power to remove the accent of this word from the second to the first syllable. Thanks to the difficulty of pronouncing it in this manner, they have not yet effected their purpose. Those who have the least regard for the sound of their language ought to resist this novelty with all their might; for if it once gain ground, it is sure to triumph. The difficulty of pronouncing it, and the ill-sound it produces will recommend it to the fashionable world, who are as proud to distinguish themselves by an oddity in language as in dress." The grave lexicographer found other things requiring censure besides mispronunciation.

A Wound should be pronounced a Wowned. "Indeed, to pronounce it otherwise, is a capricious novelty received among the polite world, probably from an affectation of the French sound. I think it ought to be utterly banished. But where is the man bold enough to risk the imputation of vulgarity by such an expulsion?" The author of

"Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd heights."

was evidently of Walker's opinion. We can now appreciate how Eliza,

"sinking to the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babe regardless of the wowned."

Before, the want of rhyme sadly damaged the effect. There must have been, besides the before-mentioned "privilege of torture, more facilities for rhyming generally; for, was it not most correct to pronounce Dover Duvver; and can we not see at a glance how nicely it comes in with Lover?

The stage would pronounce Fierce, Ferse; this is slightly defended as being "philosophically right, though grammatically improper; because a short sound denotes a rapid and violent emotion." But when the same authority takes upon itself to transform Sigh into Sith, we are assured it is a "perfect oddity in the language." Walker receives our full concurrence when he remarks, that "it is not easy to conjecture what could be the reason of this departure from analogy." "Some affected speakers on the English stage pronounce the first syllable of Confidant like Cone;" and as our present pronunciation of Conquer "is in full possession of the stage, there is but little hope of a change. It is a wanton departure from our own analogy to that of the French." It ought, decidedly, Mr. Walker thinks, to be Conkwer. The word Haunt "was in quiet possession of its

true sound till a dramatic piece made its appearance; which, to the surprise of those who had heard the language spoken half a century, was, by some speakers, called 'The Hawnted Tower.' This pronunciation is not agreeable to analogy,"—but is, nevertheless, agreeable to most modern colloquists, who persist in retaining it.

Garrick receives a decided compliment, or rather, perhaps, a forced submission—owing to his great popularity—from our author; who, in deference to him, marks Bowl as we pronounce it now; "though the least analogical. Respectable speakers make it rhyme with Howl." Garrick also pronounced bourne to rhyme with mourn. This is agreeable to Walker; for he "is also fortified by the suffrages of Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Nares, Mr. Smith." And, we may again add, by those of our English public in general.

Now for a specimen of the erratic genius of the House of Commons. "Some respectable speakers there pronounce the e in the first syllable of legislature, as if written leegislature, and think they are wonderfully correct in doing so." And why was it that Fashion would always feel itself obleeged? Why will it go to the Darby, hunt with the Barkley hounds, and call a Clerk a Clark? Walker observes, that the speakers to whom he alludes, may have been natives of the Modern Athens; or, that the sound of vowels in the Scotch manner was perhaps a little à la mode. He tells us in a note on Highlander, that "we sometimes hear a most absurd pronunciation of this word taken from the Scotch, as if written Heelander. It is curious to observe, that while the Scotch are endeavoring to leave their own pronunciation, and adopt that of the English, there are some English so capricious as to quit their own pronunciation, and adopt that which the Scotch strive carefully to avoid."

We can echo the fervent desire of Walker to give the full sound to the first syllable of Soldier. The word was, in his time, pronounced So-ger. "Mr. Johnson leaves out the l; but I have frequently had occasion to differ from this gentleman, and in this I do devoutly."

"The general pronunciation of the polite and learned world," in all words ending in ass, such as pass, glass, &c., was to rhyme with gas; "every correct ear would be disgusted at giving the a in these words the full long sound of the a in father."

Besides the sin of mispronouncing established words, Walker finds his public indulging in the equally troublesome crime of making additions. These were sources of renewed grief. The House of Commons must have been genial soil for word-coinage, for we are told that Irrelevant was one of their an-

nual productions; indeed, Walker becomes grimly facetious about the House generally. There, he says, new words and money-bills naturally originate. He considers Irrelevant a pedantic incumbrance to the language. Inimical was another of these productions; "the great recommendation being, that it is pronounced in direct opposition to the rules of our own language."

We owe many other new words to other sources:—the public ear being one. To this neglected organ we are indebted for Intrusive; an adjective that perhaps, may be considered as appertaining properly to that important abstraction.

Veterinary was in only one dictionary before Walker; but, he adopted this word from a prospect of its becoming a part of the language, and "as a college is founded in London for studying the diseases to which that useful animal is liable." Here, by the way, we are left in a slight mystification as to whether the college or London is the useful animal alluded to. The word Sulky had long been a vagabond in conversation, and was not to be found in any of our dictionaries, till it was admitted to a place in Entick's; and from its very frequent use, may now be considered as a denizen of the language. Incalculable may be considered as a revolutionary word, since we never heard of it till it was lately made so much use of in France. Also Paralyze: Walker says, the very general use of this word, especially since the French Revolution, "seems to entitle it to a place in our dictionaries."

Caricature was so recent an innovation, that our author was obliged to give us the Italian of Baretti to explain the meaning of it. Gala is another Italian arrival; and, "as it is a good sounding word, and we have not an equivalent for it, we ought to give it the same welcome we do to a rich foreigner who comes to settle among us." Swindle was from Germany. "From the recent introduction of this word, one should be led to believe that this country was, till lately, a stranger to this species of fraud; but that it should be imported to us by so honest a people as the Germans is still more surprising."

All foreigners are not received on the same amiable terms. The adoption of the French word Encore "in the theatre, does the English no manner of credit. There, it would be the most barbarous and ill-bred pronunciation in the world to call for the repetition of an English song in plain English."

It is more the difficulty of pronunciation, than a dislike to the French words that distresses Walker. Thus; "the vanity of appearing polite keeps Environs still in the French pronunciation; but, it is impossible for a mere Englishman to pronounce it fash-

ionably." Again: "sometimes a mere Englishman exposes himself to laughter by trying to give the nasal sound in Envelope. Some military coxcombs have endeavored to introduce the French pronunciation of the word *Defile*." In *Poltroon*, we have "one of those half French and half English words, that show at once our desire to imitate the nasal vowel, and our incapacity to do it properly." About *Truffles* we are told that, "we seem inclined rather to part with a hundred letters, than give up the smallest tendency to a foreign pronunciation." The last syllable of *Eclaircissement* "presents an insuperable difficulty." We are not even to endeavor to attempt it, but are to pronounce it, "like an English word at once, rather than imitate the French sound awkwardly." The French sound in *Tour* is very much disliked. Walker says, "my experience fails me, if this word is not slowly conforming to the true English sound of the vowels heard in *Thou*." But, "the smart traveller to France and Italy would fear we should never suppose he had

been out of England, were he not to pronounce it so as to rhyme with *poor*."

According to Walker, it is to the parsimony of printers that we owe the abolition of the final *k*'s in such words as *domestick*, *publick*, *fanatick*, and the *u*'s in *favor*, *honor*, and *labor*. It is to be hoped they find the result satisfactory.

In taking leave of our amusing lexicographer, we will present an anecdote of *Sheridan*, which he introduces in a long note begging us to pronounce *Wind*, *Wynde*. It must be understood that *Sheridan* agreed with Walker about this word, but differed from him with respect to *Gold*, which he would pronounce *Goold*. Mr. *Sheridan* tells us that *Swift* used to jeer those who pronounced *Wind* with the short *i*, by saying, "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it Winn'd!" An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. *Sheridan* by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it Goold!"

THE POST OFFICE IN ENGLAND.—The Postmaster-General has made his fourth annual report, from which the following particulars are extracted:—

1. Upwards of 703 pillar-posts or road letter-boxes are now in operation in the United Kingdom.
2. 504,000,000 of letters passed through the post in 1857, giving 17 letters to every man, woman, and child.
3. The increase per cent. on 1856 was 5 1-2.
4. The increase in letters, as compared with 1839 (the year prior to the introduction of penny postage), was 428,000,000, or more than sixfold.
5. Of the whole numbers of letters in 1857, nearly a quarter were delivered in London and the suburbs.
6. The number of letters posted in Russia in 1855 was but 16,400,000—about as many as were posted in Manchester and the suburbs.
7. About 71,000,000 newspapers were posted in 1857.
8. About 1,700,000 letters were returned to their writers, owing to failure to find the persons addressed.
9. About 580,000 newspapers were, from the same cause, undelivered.
10. Number of book-packets transmitted, about 6,000,000.
11. Number of money-order offices in the country, 2,233. Orders issued, 6,389,702. Value, £12,180,272. Net profit, £24,175.
12. Gross revenue of the Post Office in 1857

(inclusive of money orders), £3,035,713. Net, 1,322,237.

13. The Post Office printers (stampers) are gradually becoming more expert and legible.

14. Advertisements for defaced postage-stamps, to enable the advertiser to accomplish some benevolent object, have commonly been found to be impositions.

15. The number of registered letters in 1857 was rather more than a million and a quarter, or about one registered letter to 400 ordinary letters.

The opening of the railway from Rome to Civita Vecchia will take place during the month of July or August next.

According to the accounts received from Mentz, the treaty relative to the construction of a fixed bridge over the Rhine has been signed by the Commissioners of all the Governments interested in the question.

A CREDULOUS PLACE: WITCHCRAFT, SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS, AND MORMONISM.—Middleton or Topsfield, in Essex county, Massachusetts, appears to be the grand seat of supernatural wonders. It was in this neighborhood in America that Salem witchcraft sprang up; spiritual rappings still extensively pervade the place; and Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, was born there. (*Washington Union*, March, 1855.)—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Saturday Review.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE NEW WORLD.*

WE welcome from the other side of the Atlantic three important contributions to our slowly growing stock of knowledge — if knowledge it is to be called — of the præ-Columbian civilization of America. Our best sympathy is due to the painstaking inquirers who are laboring in the somewhat ungrateful field of American archæology. The real past, indeed, to the thriving Anglo-Saxon communities of North America, is not the history of Incas or Aztecs, but that of their European forefathers; and those who may claim kindred with Shakspeare and Bacon may be comparatively indifferent to Manco Capac or Ixtlilxochitl. Still it is right, and highly creditable to the intellectual activity of our Transatlantic brethren, that the remains of extinct civilizations in the land of their adoption should be thoroughly investigated and described. Something, indeed, of universal interest attaches to those lost pages of the history of the human family, and no educated man can afford to be unconcerned in the result of researches into the ethnology of the aboriginal inhabitants of the American continent. To those who, like Señor Rivero, or the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, trace a portion of their descent from those ancient races, such inquiries must possess a more personal interest. But on general grounds, the managers of the Smithsonian Institute have judged rightly, and acted in strict accordance with the spirit of their trust, in encouraging the scientific study of the antiquities of the Ante-Columbian period; and the liberality with which their valuable *Contributions to Knowledge* are scattered through the chief libraries of the Old World is worthy of all gratitude and admiration.

Of the three works named at the head of this article, Mr. Haven's is the most comprehensive in its scope and the most able in its execution — Mr. Mayer's, indeed, is little

* *Observations on Mexican History and Archæology, with a special reference to Zapotec Remains.* By Brantz Mayer. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Archæology of the United States. By Samuel F. Haven. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Peruvian Antiquities. By Mariano Edward Rivero, Director of the National Museum, Lima; and John James Von Tschudi, Doctor in philosophy. Translated into English from the original Spanish by Francis L. Hawks, D. D. New York: George P. Putnam. London: Trübner and Co.

more than a monograph on the Zapotec remains at Mitla; and the volume of Messrs. Rivero and Von Tschudi is confined to Peru. We will reserve our notice of Mr. Haven's essay till we have briefly discussed the others, Mr. Mayer begins with a short *résumé* of the labors of previous writers on the antiquities of Mexico and Central America, and bears witness to the accuracy with which Prescott has condensed the existing information on the subject. His own contribution of fresh knowledge to the common store is derived from observation of the aboriginal architectural remains. The most ancient of these are generally earth-works, either mounds or enclosures; but what are called in the Spanish vernacular the "Casas Grandes" are the ruins of towns or villages, sometimes of vast extent, built chiefly of sun-dried bricks, cemented by a mixture of earth, coals, and ashes, instead of lime. The houses in these ruined cities are sometimes of four stories, which were reached by ladders on the outside. Every one knows from Lord Kingsborough's book or from cheaper reproductions, the *contour* of the Mexican sacrificial pyramid; but, as in the more famous examples on the banks of the Euphrates which Mr. Layard brought to light, the action of time upon the sun-dried brick has often converted the stepped outline of these structures into an indistinguishable mud-heap. Mitla, in the State of Oajaca, contains a group of remarkable architectural remains of a somewhat higher order of merit; and some drawings made on the spot by Mr. Sawkins, which are engraved in a poor and coarse style of lithography as illustrations of the present essay, form the staple of Mr. Mayer's discourse. Here, in a lonely valley, are the traces of important buildings which seem to have occupied the four sides of a quadrangular court — one side alone remaining in any thing like entirety. A tradition relates that these monuments were built for sepulchral purposes. The adits are so low that a person can only enter in a crouching posture. Inside there is a spacious oblong apartment, the walls of which are lined with a highly polished red plaster; while down its length are five massive cylindrical columns, without capitals or bases, to support the roof. From this hall there seem to have opened a number of windowless chambers, the walls of which are hollowed, as in the

catacombs, in recesses large enough to hold a human body. Externally these structures are of masonry, some of the stones being colossal in size. The walls are built so as to incline outwards at a very considerable angle; their faces are carved in a superficial kind of mosaic ornament, without any beauty or regularity; and the angles exhibit a sort of rude rustication. Some idols of fantastic ugliness have been found among the ruins.

Turning now to the volume on Peruvian Antiquities, we find that here, too, Mr. Prescott has anticipated, in his lucid summary, much that would otherwise have been new matter to the ordinary reader. Of the two names associated on the title-page, Don Mariano de Rivero, who is the real author, brings to his task a somewhat exaggerated respect for the "beneficent institutions" and advanced civilization of the Incas. Dr. Von Tschudi, a European naturalist who had travelled in Peru, edited and published the Spanish original at Vienna, where, in the Imperial Library, he found bibliographic appliances that, as the author feelingly complains, were, "alas! wanting in Peru." Dr. Hawks is responsible for the translation and some sensible notes. The introductory chapter, on the relations between the two hemispheres prior to the discovery of Columbus, is somewhat fanciful and obscure. Of course we have all the old hypotheses—the Scandinavian voyages, the lost Ten Tribes, a Punic or Carthaginian migration, colonies from Ceylon, from Mongolia, or from Gaelic tribes. None of these are absolutely rejected; but the author inclines to the theory that the first peopling of the American continent was from Asia, and, insisting strongly on the analogies between Buddhism and the Mexican worship, he concludes that Quetzatcoatl, and Manco Capac were missionaries from China at a later period. There are some who identify the Toltec divinity Quetzatcoatl, which means Didymus, with the Apostle St. Thomas. We have somewhat surer ground to go upon in the next chapter, which treats of the ancient inhabitants of Peru. Dr. Von Tschudi, by the observation of hundreds of crania, ascertained the existence of three different races, geographically divided, which he named the Chincas, the Aymaraes, and the Huancas. The conquering dynasty of the Incas sprang from the second of these races; and the cranium of the Peruvian In-

dians of the present day is a result of the fusion of the three. Our author proves—and in this he is supported by Dr. Hawks, his translator—that the famous osteologist, Dr. Morton, was mistaken in thinking that he had obtained for his great work some real specimens of the skulls of the Incas. He shows also that the Peruvian skull possesses in infancy the anomalous feature of an interparietal bone, which is quite distinguishable from the *ossa Wormiana*. Almost all that is known of the history of Peru before the arrival of Pizarro is derived from the traditions embodied, and probably dressed up for the occasion, in the curious but untrustworthy work of Garcilasso de la Vega, who was descended, by his mother's side, from the royal line of the Incas. The picture of the prosperity and high civilization of the old monarchy drawn by this credulous and partial writer is doubtless overcolored; and though there may be a groundwork of truth in his history, it is impossible to accept all his statements without reserve. But even his romancing is thrown into the shade by the inventions of Montesinos, who identifies Peru with the Ophir of Solomon, peoples it from Armenia, and gives a list of 101 monarchs from a period 500 years after the Deluge to the unhappy Atahualpa, the victim of Pizarro. Our author sketches the political organization of the Incas with much minuteness. He calls it a theocratic autocracy. The system of government was highly centralized, and the whole population was grouped into provinces, and then numerically subdivided into departments, each of which contained so many tens, hundreds, or thousands of individuals—something like Mr. Toulmin Smith's ideal of an Anglo-Saxon parish. The officials of this system were no less than a million in number. The whole land was tripartitely divided, one third belonging to the Sun, the second to the Inca, the last to the people; and each man received from the State, by a kind of anticipation of modern socialism, enough land for the support of himself and his family. All taxation was in kind, every man contributing so much labor or the produce of his skill. The administration of justice was severe, and the censorship of morals very strict. A conscription was in force for military purposes.

A chapter follows on the Quichuan language, which possessed, according to our

authors, a complete declension formed by suffixed particles, a perfect system of pronouns and of numbers, and a very rich form of conjugation. Like most of the American tongues, it is polysynthetic or agglutinative—that is, its changes are not made by inflexion, but by the addition of suffixes; and the verbal forms have that extraordinarily artificial precision, which has been called by philologists the conjugation of the personal object. But this language has no literature. It is true that the ancient Peruvians used what are called *quipus*, that is, knots made on various colored threads, as a kind of record; but, in spite of much patient and ingenious experiment, the deciphering of these rude symbols is quite impracticable, and it is even doubtful whether they were ever used except as tallies for purposes of numeration. We cannot follow the writer minutely in his notices of the scientific culture of the old Peruvians. He discusses their skill in medicine, astronomy, and navigation. But what we most want in all this is some reference to the author's sources of information. For instance, he gives us the music of three Haravis, or elegiac songs, in different keys—wild and irregular strains very oddly harmonized—without a word of explanation as to the method by which these melodies, if really ancient, have been preserved. The authorities for the disquisition on the Peruvian religion are probably trustworthy, being for the most part the writings of the early Christian missionaries after the Spanish conquest. One of these, by the Jesuit, Pedro Jose de Arriaga, describes the result of the inquiries of a special commission in the year 1617 into the nature of the native idolatrous worship, with a view to its extirpation. The analogy between Buddhism and Christianity in the East has often been observed. And some such coincidences between the Christian sacraments and certain rites of the religion of the Incas were noticed by the Spanish conquerors, who were inclined to attribute them to the malice preposse of the Evil One. The religious ceremonies, including the occasional sacrifice of human victims, the rites of sepulture, and method of embalming, are next noticed; and then the state of the arts, in metallurgy, pottery, and architecture. As to the latter, it appears that timber was used but rarely, and iron never—the precious metals, on the other hand, were abundant. In weaving and dye-

ing, great excellence was attained; and Don Mariano informs us that the Peruvian Indians of the mountains still use bright and lasting dyes which they obtain from plants unknown to Europeans. If so, we can only say that the sooner their secret is borrowed from them for use in Manchester, the better. Of the remains of Peruvian masonry, some are quite Cyclopean; and it is astonishing how such works could be wrought without the aid of iron tools. The arch was unknown—though our author, who is not at home in architecture, draws the opposite conclusion from data which prove our own assertion. The royal roads and fortifications of the Incas were, however, their greatest monuments. Humboldt describes a gigantic road traversing the Cordilleras for 250 geographical miles, with resting-places at intervals; and another causeway of solid masonry, at the elevation, by barometrical measurement, of 12,440 feet above the sea—a thousand feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe. A few illustrations are given of architectural decoration, which strongly resemble the carvings described at Mitla by Mr. Mayer. But in the absence of such truthful drawings of architectural remains as nothing but photography can give, it is vain to speculate on the subject. The work of Messrs. Rivero and Von Tschudi will continue to have a solid value to all who wish to investigate the archæology of Peru.

We have left ourselves but little space to notice Mr. Haven's treatise. Its especial value is that it presents a conspectus of the present state of the whole inquiry into the antiquities of the United States, with judicious criticisms of the various authors who have treated of the subject. Mr. Helps' recent volumes are unfortunately not included in this summary. Mr. Haven's opening chapter marshals all the suppositions by which writers have attempted to account for the existence of men and animals in the Western Hemisphere. Some have imagined that those aboriginal peoples were spared from the Noachian deluge—others, that, as in the vegetable world, so in the *fauna* of the earth, there may have been more than one centre of original creation. And the tendency of recent speculation is towards the theory that the New World is really the older of the two, as having been sooner prepared for the occupancy of man, and actually peopled at a more remote period. The numerous theories of

the migration of various tribes, some of which were noticed in the earlier part of this paper, are next succinctly detailed by Mr. Haven. But, as he well observes, all this ingenious speculation has left the subject still in its original obscurity. Quitting the interesting disquisitions on the whole course of archaeological investigation in the United States, which form the bulk of the present volume, and which will make Mr. Haven's work a standard book of reference for future students, we may hasten to the conclusion, in which we have the condensed results of the author's own inquiries. We note here that he rejects the hypothesis of an earlier geological antiquity for the western hemisphere. He discredits the discovery of fossilized human skeletons in geological periods, and argues that some species of colossal animals, whose bones have been sometimes found mingled with human remains, were contemporary with our race, and have only become extinct at comparatively recent periods. Next, from a consideration of the winds and currents of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, he concludes that it is not improbable that voyagers from Europe or Asia might have been driven from time to time upon the coasts of America. But he observes that, "however frequent foreign accessions may have been, they have not had the power to affect materially the structural uniformity of speech and physical conformation, and the homogenous mental type of the original inhabitants." A more extensive migration from Asia by the Aleutian Islands our author considers by no means improbable, but yet far from being proved. Upon the whole, he thinks that the best philological and physiological inquiries tend to establish that the American aborigines were a distinct and peculiar race, though without thereby denying the primitive unity of the human family. The question, however, must remain "among the enigmas of immemorial time." Proceeding to the consider-

ation of the actual antiquities discovered within the borders of the United States, to which his researches are principally confined—such as enclosures and tumuli, and the contents of the latter—Mr. Haven denies that they exhibit evidence of any much higher civilization than was to be found among the aboriginal Indians before that mysterious decay of their tribes which seems to have preceeded by some few centuries the arrival of Columbus. This temperate and well-weighed essay is worthy of the very highest commendation. Mr. Haven has approached the subject in almost a judicial spirit, and we are disposed to adopt his conclusions implicitly. We borrow his final paragraph as a specimen of his style and manner:

"We desire to stop where evidence ceases; and offer no speculations as to the direction from which the authors of the vestiges of antiquity in the United States entered the country, or from which their arts were derived. The deduction from scientific investigations, philological and physiological, tend to prove that the American races are of great antiquity. Their religious doctrines, their superstitions, both in their nature and their modes of practice, and their arts, accord with those of the most primitive age of mankind. With all their characteristics, affinities are found in the early condition of Asiatic races; and a channel of communication is pointed out through which they might have poured into this continent, before the existing institutions and national divisions of the parent country were developed. Fortuitous arrivals, too inconsiderable in numbers and influence to leave decided impressions, may at intervals have taken place from other lands; and geographical facts and atmospherical phenomena may serve to explain why the New World remained so long a sealed book to the cultivated nations of Europe, or was only known through the vague intimations and rumors alluded to in history, such as the chances of the sea, and indefinite reports from barbarous regions and peoples would be likely to bring to their ears."

MEANING OF THE WORD "DONNY," OR "DONNI."—A fountain of water near Lichfield, granted to the friars of that city in the fourteenth century, was then, and for a long subsequent time, called "Donniwell." What are the derivations of *Donni* in reference to *Donniwell* and *Donnybrook*?—*Notes and Queries*.

The Custom-house officers on the Russian frontier have received the strictest orders, not to allow any books printed abroad in the Russian language to enter the country. It is well known that many Russian travellers bring back with them works of a subversive tendency, which are printed in London.

From The Press.

Cathedri Petri. A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. By Thos. Greenwood, M. A., Barrister-at-Law. Books I and II. London: Stewart, 1856. The Same. Books III, IV., and V. London: Stewart, 1858.

THIS is a remarkable book. It is learned, laborious, impartial, and well written. In patient industry the author reminds us of the divines of the middle ages, and of the seventeenth century. Here are two goodly volumes, of nearly 1,200 pages taken together, and the author states that he has the material for three more already prepared! We can hardly call to mind a similar instance of literary labor in our own day. And it is the more surprising, when we recollect that the author could not have indulged any very confident hope of gaining many readers.

The predominant thought, however, which pervades our mind is that of wonder that any student should have been able to devote himself to such a work, knowing, as he must have known, that the whole is but a learned investigation of a fiction and a fraud. If the facts of the case were really as people half a century ago supposed them to be—if the Pope were really the successor of St. Peter, the first Bishop of Rome—then there might be some show of reason in investigating the history of that ecclesiastical sovereignty. But when people have been gradually awakening to the fact that the whole idea of "the Chair of St. Peter" is one which never passed through any one's brain until the days of Eusebius—i. e., until three hundred years after the supposed circumstances had taken place—it does seem strange to find a man, at this time of day, calmly discussing the question as it was supposed to stand some thirty or forty years ago.

Mr. Greenwood correctly states that "no visit of the Apostle Peter to the West is asserted in direct and positive terms by any extant Christian writer of the first three centuries." There is no doubt whatever that the whole story of the Apostle's visit to Rome, his bishopric of Rome and his martyrdom at Rome was concocted in the third and fourth centuries, when the Roman See began to exalt itself, and when it found that to derive rank and power from "the first of the Apostles" would greatly aid its pretensions. The Apostle himself, in his own epistles, plainly tells us that, when forced to leave Jerusalem,

it was to the *East*, and not to the *West*, that he turned. His first epistle is addressed "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia," and it is dated from Babylon. His second is addressed to the same parties, and he wrote it, he tells us, not long before his death. The earliest writer that we possess, after the Apostolic age, is Clement, the third Bishop of Rome. He speaks of both Paul and Peter, but he makes one very important distinction between them. Paul, he says, was "the herald of the Gospel both in the East and in the West He taught righteousness throughout the world, and having reached to the utmost verge of the West, he passed out of the world and entered the abodes of the blessed." Thus, speaking of both the Apostles, he distinguishes one of them as having travelled to the West as well as to the East. Clearly it is here implied that of Peter he had no such facts to record.

But, in truth, any earnest student of early Church history will easily satisfy himself of this—that of Peter's visit to Rome, or bishopric of Rome, there is no evidence in any early writer. The whole story was fabricated about the time of Eusebius, when the Roman See began to feel the want of some such basis to support its lofty pretensions; and, once concocted, there was no difficulty in finding fresh maintainers of the fiction, age after age—its suitability to the wants of the case being so evident and so complete.

And *this* is, in fact, the turning-point of the whole controversy. All else depends upon it. Peter, say the Romanists, was made by our Lord the rock on which His church was built, and the Prince of the Apostles. Now Protestants and Papists may wrangle for days and weeks upon the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church,"—and may fail in convincing each other. But it is as well that both Protestants and Papists should be reminded, that the real question does not turn upon the interpretation of these words. The Papist may be wholly right, and the Protestant utterly wrong, in their respective views of this passage, without the Papal Supremacy being either established or overthrown by *that* controversy. Let the advocate of the Papacy remark, and lay it well to heart, that however triumphant he may be, in establishing his view of the words in Matt. xvi. 18, he will

only, by that victory, have advanced *one step* in the argument; and it is quite clear, that, unless he can prove *something more* than this, the Papal Supremacy will be left without a basis.

Suppose all that the Papist claims, in this first controversy, to be quite true: suppose, for argument's sake, that our Lord *did* give to Peter a primacy over the other Apostles, and *did* mean, that the Church should be built upon him: What does all this do towards making the *Bishop of Rome* the visible head of the Church? Clearly, nothing at all. For,—what if Peter lived all his latter years, and ended his days in the East? What if he never even visited Rome; never communicated in any special way with its Church; never directed any epistle to the Roman

Christians, or sent to them any commands? Why, then, it will follow, that Peter stood towards Rome in no other relation than that in which he stood towards Alexandria and Antioch. Consequently, the Bishops of Rome have no peculiar title to assume to be “the successors of St. Peter.” And, finally, their claim to be regarded as something higher than the Bishops of Antioch and Alexandria, is seen to be the merest presumption and usurpation. Let St. Peter have what primacy he may, *their* claim, the claim of the Bishops of Rome, to inherit this primacy, is as unfounded a pretension as ever was set up. We deny their title: we call for proof. No proof has been, or can be, adduced. Yet, without such proof, the Papacy becomes an open, palpable, undeniable, usurpation and imposture!

STONE, THE MATHEMATICIAN.—Stone was born about the year 1700. His father was gardener to the Duke of Argyle, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's “*Principia*” lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his own library called some one to carry it back to its place. Upon this, Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. “Yours!” replied the duke; “do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?” “I know a little of them,” replied the young man. The duke was surprised; and, having a taste for the sciences, conversed with the young mathematician, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candor of his answers. “But how,” said the duke, “came you by the knowledge of all these things?” “Stone replied: “A servant taught me ten years since to read. Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else that one wishes?” The duke's curiosity redoubled: he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had become so learned. “I first learned to read,” said Stone. “The masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and the use of these things: and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic: I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry: I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading I found that there were good books of these two sciences in Latin: I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. I un-

derstood also that there were good books of the same kind in French: I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done. It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.” Under the patronage of the Duke of Argyle, Stone some years afterwards, published in London a treatise on mathematical instruments, and a mathematical dictionary, was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and became a distinguished man of science. —*Timbs' School-days of Eminent Men.*

THE COMMON OBJECTS OF THE COUNTRY.—

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., Author of “*Common Objects of the Seashore*,” With Illustrations by W. S. Coleman. Routledge.

Lizards, blindworms, molehills, newts and toads, beetles, moths and butterflies of commonest occurrence are the topics of this little book. Its author's purpose is to furnish at the smallest possible cost a pleasant guide to the intellectual enjoyment of a country life or country holiday. As in his book upon *Common Objects of the Seashore*, the author accompanies his written descriptions throughout with sketches that enable any one to find the name and nature of any object by mere observation of its form, the pictures answering the purpose of an index. The information tends chiefly in the direction we have indicated. In another volume we must hear about our birds, and again in another, probably, about our common English trees and flowers. The multiplication of cheap books of this description is most heartily to be sought and encouraged —*Examiner.*

From The Spectator.

DE VERTEUIL'S TRINIDAD.*

THERE is a good deal of original observation in this volume, especially on topics that relate to the author's own profession, as the diseases of the island, its climate, physical features, and local influences in their bearing on health and disease. There is also later and more precise information on a variety of subjects, as the topographical divisions, local institutions, the actual details of government, and the general statistics of Trinidad. Like most colonial authors or writers about colonies, Dr. De Verteuil overdoes his theme, entering too minutely into many things, and treating them too much in the encyclopædia or gazetteer style. There is also an assumption of ignorance in the world at large as to Trinidad, which may possibly be true; but which does not arise from want of means of learning. Importation of free Negroes from America to the West India colonies at large, as well as to Trinidad individually, was not only discussed nearly twenty years ago, but tried and failed; for bad as the position of the colored people may be in the United States, it is doubtful whether they are not worse off, as far as money earnings are concerned, in the British colonies. By field labor, even assuming a steady industrious adherence to it, they would earn less than at home; in mechanical or urban employments there are not many openings for such laborers in the colonies, and if there was a gain for the "imported" in social standing, there was a loss upon the whole in material advantages. The mistakes of Mr. Montgomery Martin as a colonial writer have not always escaped without remark in England; and, not to speak of other reliable sources of information, we have the "blue-books" on Trinidad as well as on other places. For using up stale matter we do not know that anybody, therefore, can be well excused. For fulness Dr. De Verteuil has this reason; he is not only writing for Great Britain but Trinidad, whose knowledge does not begin at home, as it rarely does with large or small countries.

"It is really surprising how uninformed even Trinidadians are regarding their own country. Our best schoolboys are able to give the names of the chief rivers, and the position of the principal towns in Great Britain, France, and even in Russia and China; but they are ignorant, perhaps, of the names of the Guatara and Oropuce, or through what county the Caroni has its course. They may know that San Fernando exists, but may not be able to say whether it is on the East-

ern or on the Western side of the island; they can give the principal boundaries and dimensions of Europe, and its larger kingdoms, but are ignorant of those of their own island home; they can enumerate the chief productions of England or France, but they do not know what are the agricultural products of their own country, or whether the quantity of sugar exported is 35,000 or 56,000 hogsheds."

Nor, indeed, to say the truth, is the author himself, according to his own admission, so practically well informed as a descriptive historian and reformer might be. "My personal knowledge of the island," he writes, "is confined to a few localities only," yet its extreme length is but fifty miles, and its average breadth is only thirty-five.

A main motive of Dr. De Verteuil's publication regards one of the most important problems that could engage the attention of this country, though it is but very lightly considered by the public at large, namely the real social and economical condition of the West India colonies consequent upon Emancipation, and what are the proper remedies for the evils under which some of those colonies are admitted to suffer. The point is perhaps not very difficult to decide as respects the smaller islands, with their sufficient supply of labor, and their available soils appropriated if not exhausted. Emancipation has probably not done them more injury than has been amply repaired by their share of the compensation-money. Their evils, if evils they labor under, arise from their limited surface and their natural circumstances, and the general character of the population high and low. They must look to *their* remedy from stagnant provincialism through some Mr. Morton, who shall teach them to develop "the resources of their estates." Jamaica, Demerara, and Trinidad are in a different position, from the paucity of labor compared with the extent of fertile soil, and the facilities for vagrancy and squatting afforded by the large amount of unappropriated land. What the social and economical position of these three colonies really is, we have never seen presented in a way to carry conviction, or to leave any satisfactory impression that we had reached truth, except of a very one-sided kind. "The Abolitionist dwells upon the natural good qualities of the Negro and their improvement consequent upon Emancipation. Without altogether denying the good that is in the Negro, the planter is prone to bring forward his failings, especially those which affect the capitalist, as the indisposition to regular and sustained labor, his love of amusement not to say idleness, his childish familiarity approaching insolence, perhaps

* *Trinidad: its Geography, Natural Resources, Administration, Present Condition and Prospects*, By L. A. A. De Verteuil, M.D.P. Published by Ward and Lock.

something worse when provoked, as well as a tendency, not always confined to colored people, to take advantage of his position by making the best bargain he can for himself. It is pretty much the same with the more direct economical results. The planter maintains that *upon the whole* in sickness and in health, in bad times as well as good, the Negro is physically not better off than before; his seeming luxuries, on which the "friends of the African" love to dwell, are a sign of his thoughtless expenditure, and are moreover unfairly obtained at the expense of the employer. As regards his own condition, the planter is lugubrious enough; absolute ruin is the all-but continual theme. There is a similar discrepancy as regards official representations. They are colored; perhaps, to speak more accurately, the reasons on which they are grounded are selected by the writer according to his bias. Passing travellers who have recorded their impressions have been too short a time in the colonies to learn much of their social or economical condition; if indeed they understood the importance of the inquiry, or the proper mode of conducting it. A searching truth-telling book on the three once great British sugar colonies, after the model of Mr. Olmsted's books on the South American States, is a literary want of the day. Even if they are fated to fall into stagnation and semi-barbarism, like some Spanish-American Republic, it would be desirable to have a record of the facts at some stages of the degradation.

A man in Dr. De Verteuil's position might have produced such a work on Trinidad; but he has not. His account of the colonial agriculturists and the colored population is pervaded by the contradictions of which we have spoken, and of that exaggerated tone which mostly characterizes colonial writers. In one place the agriculturists are charged with "egotistical individualism," whatever that may be, and other faults of a more definite kind. In other places we hear of some agricultural improvements, and of spirited enterprise in the manufacture of sugar,—novelty in machinery, greater ingenuity in processes. Times and persons are confounded. The reader, for instance, might, unless careful, apply what is meant of the earlier importations of labor to the present time. The Doctor speaks of the island as absolutely infested by hucksters, by the pettiest shop or stall-keepers, and by nominal artisans, a result of the prejudice against field labor surviving from the time of slavery, and perhaps of an aversion to hard work. Yet he wishes an immigration of free colored people from the United States, knowing that they would follow the same vocations, though in a more efficient way. Some of his suggestions are

impracticable, requiring a change in the Black and White human nature to be dealt with; others could scarcely be effected with the general apathy of public opinion on colonial questions in this country, and the vigilant earnestness of the Anti-Slavery party. His idea of negotiating with the United States for the importation of colored people, meaning of course free colored people, is absurd; he might as well negotiate with Spain or Italy; the American Government might perhaps give a moral impetus to such a movement, but never could by a state-act send away free Negroes. The most practical suggestion, and a very good one it is we think, is for the Trinidadians to discard their prejudice in favor of sugar and nothing but sugar, and apply themselves to productions of another kind, especially of provisions and live stock both which are now imported at a very heavy expense.

The difficulty of reaching any thing like a satisfactory conclusion upon this class of colonial questions is felt even in questions connected with figures. It appears that after a long struggle Trinidad now produces a quantity of sugar equal to that she supplied before Emancipation. In 1829 the produce 50,000,000 pounds having risen to that quantity from 30,000,000 in 1819. In 1852 the quantity was at least equal to that of 1829. Quantity, however, is only one element of the subject. Owing to the admission of slave-grown sugar the price is much reduced now; and the greater cost of production has to be taken into account. How much dearer are the wages of free labor than slave cultivation, all things being taken into consideration? Supposing exact truth attained on these two points, there is still to be brought into account that enormous waste of capital that went on during the long struggle of some dozen years in abortive experimental plans of importation. In Trinidad, as in other colonies, marriage has increased among the colored population, and some say that immorality has decreased, though it seems generally admitted that there is still ample room for improvement. At Port of Spain in 1851 the legitimate births were 192, the illegitimate 321. By 1854 a considerable advance had taken place, most probably in part accidental; the legitimate were 215, the illegitimate only 222. If it be true that the ratio of mortality is greater under freedom than it was under slavery, the fact is very startling; but here is again an element of uncertainty; the registration is probably not very exact.

What the final result of Emancipation throughout the West Indies may be, is one of the special mysteries of the future. In Trinidad it has diametrically falsified the predic-

tions of the Anti-Slavery party, if the least reliance is to be placed upon Dr. De Verteul's statements. Nearly a generation has elapsed since the partial freedom of apprenticeship, and some twenty years since complete freedom. So far from free labor being cheaper than slave-labor, the emancipated Negro will scarcely work at all; the main reliance of the colony is on the Coolie; for though the Chinaman is a sturdier laborer, he is insubordinate. Instead of the delightful picture which Sir James Stephen and other emancipators painted, of a colored yeomanry producing all the necessaries and luxuries of the Tropics on their own properties, and exchanging their superabundance with the traders of the towns, amid planters ruined it might be, but ruined justly by their own faults, and merchants by their extortions and usury, the towns appear to be inhabited by a race compounding the huckster, the "odd-man," and the thief, and the country by poor peasants or squatters imperfectly cultivating the land they occupy and eking out their subsistence by plunder. A physician may be pardoned for remarking that they are bad patients. The most important conclusion in a general point of view, is the fact that voluntary work is a matter of training. The newly-imported Negro will not labor unless compelled; even the East Indian Coolie requires "stringent" regulations. But the Chinaman, whatever his other faults, is used to work, and will labor from the first. These conclusions are drawn from the general perusal of the volume, but they may be supported by a few passages.

"*The Emancipated*.—From causes already stated, the emancipated classes have a strong inclination to retire from rural, and especially sugar labor, and to congregate in towns and villages, where they engage in petty trade, or adopt some handicraft. The number of shopkeepers, tailors, carpenters, &c., is consequently out of all proportion, compared with the requirements of the country, and almost every small tenement in town or village is occupied by some retailer of fruit, charcoal, &c.; in addition to the tribe of hucksters who perambulate the streets of the towns and the high roads of the rural districts. If this could be regarded as a sign of prosperity there would be ample cause to rejoice; but quite the reverse. These shopkeepers, tradesmen, and vendors, may be said to have absconded from the agricultural occupations, and, as a consequence, are, in general, wanting in those qualifications which are necessary to success in their new avocations. As to the fruiterers and other petty dealers of the like genus, the stock-in-trade (!) displayed in their trays, before their doors, or on stands as apologies for counters, is really ridiculous, for I have no doubt, were an inventory of ar-

ticles taken, in nine cases out of ten the value of property would not amount to ten shillings. Some fruit, a few pounds of charcoal, peas, plantains, &c., constitute, generally, the whole stock; and, in a large majority of cases, the vendor barely manages to eke out a most precarious livelihood."

"*Colored Patients*.—Immediately after, and on several occasions since Emancipation, attempts were made for securing medical aid to the class of artisans in towns, of laborers located on estates, and of small settlers generally, on their contributing the small sum of ten cents per week for each working person—children and old people being attended gratuitously; incredible, however, as it may appear, these attempts have invariably failed. After a few weeks, or two or three months at the utmost, such of the subscribers who had not been subject to any attack during that period withdrew their subscription, on the pretext that it was not fair they should pay for the doctor whilst they enjoyed good health. But these very people, when ailing are unwilling, and, in most cases unable to pay the fee; and they then throw themselves into the hands of male and female quacks, or *obeah* practisers, who bleed, cup, prescribe nostrums, and give their own personal attendance, exacting more or less from their dupes, according to their own status or reputation in quackery or obeahism. They are punctually paid—chiefly from a superstitious dread infused into the minds of their patients—but always retire in time from any unprofitable field.

"*A Trinidad Arcadia*.—In all these nooks and corners [of the ward of Oropuche] are herded together large bands of immigrants, imported into the colony, particularly Congoes and Kroomen. In fact, the population of Oropuche may be characterized as a heterogeneous collection of the inhabitants of different countries, in an unsettled and migratory state; Congoes, Yarrabas, and Kroomen, from Africa; Coolies and Chinese, from Asia; Americans, [Negroes,] from the United States; Spaniards, from the neighboring continent; [Colored] emigrants from the British and French colonies, with a limited number of natives of Trinidad; these compose the mass of this motley assemblage. Scattered far and wide throughout the vast extent of this district, removed from the influence of civilizing institutions, and left to the unfettered indulgence of a disorganized and half-savage life, moral depravity and ignorance of all social responsibility form their chief characteristics. Bound together by the ties of nationality or tribeship, they have generally banded in distinct settlements, where nought is to be found beyond the primary elements of social aggregation. Many

of them are squatters, regarding with suspicion and as intruders those who enter their settlements. They have already on more than one occasion behaved riotously, and resisted the agents of the Government; and unless stringent, but at the same time prudent, regulations be adopted and enforced, it is to be apprehended that instead of improving, matters will become still worse."

"*The African Negro.*—Many of the Africans liberated from slavers, and who had been apportioned to the planters under certain conditions, viz., that they should work for a stated number of hours every day, on being provided with lodging, food, clothing, and medical attendance, but who could not have understood what was meant, and considered themselves as no party to the contract, determinedly refused to work and absconded into the woods, prowling about in the neighborhood of plantations on which they ventured at night for plunder. Others attempted to retrace their steps to their country, as they imagined, by travelling Eastward; not only did they carefully avoid inhabited localities, but when they did encounter any of the inhabitants, being ignorant of the language spoken in the island, they could neither understand nor make themselves understood."

"*Trinidad Squatters.*—The great mass of these *unsettled* settlers is composed of Africans who more than other classes require the lessons of civilization and the watchful eye of the law. Now, how can this be obtained whilst the objects of this aim are leading a half-savage life on the outskirts of civilization? Their dwellings are mere huts; their children are almost in a state of nature as to clothing, and so shy that they betake themselves to the bush around their retreats on the approach of strangers, particularly of those who may bear the marks of respectability. When the squatters are left undisturbed they generally cultivate ground provisions, such as plantains, manioc, &c., and occasionally employ themselves in job-work on the neighboring estates. They may be said to form in each district an association for mutual support, and generally manifest great distrust towards those who do not belong to this confraternity."

Subject to the discrepancies already dwelt upon Dr. De Verteuil's *Trinidad* may be recommended as a book telling the latest facts about the island. But the reader has somewhat to sift the facts for himself. The book would have told better with the busy English public had it been less diffuse.

A MALE NUN.—A singular discovery has lately astonished the inhabitants of Versailles. For the last forty years a person known as Mademoiselle Savalette de Coulanges, had inhabited that town, and previous to the year 1832, an upper room in the chateau itself, by royal permission. At that time Louis Philippe having had it fitted up for the reception of the collections of paintings and statuary, Mlle. de Coulanges went to reside in the town. She lived chiefly on a pension of 1000*fr.* granted by Charles X., and on pecuniary aid furnished by various noble families. This was sufficient to have enabled her to live with some comfort, and at least with decency; but this last point seemed a matter of indifference to her. The lodgings she successively occupied were like pig-sties; the den was worthy of the inhabitant. The person who came during the day to minister to her few wants—for she had grown old and infirm—was never allowed to stop over the night with her.

Some days ago, on entering in the morning, the attendant found the invalid kneeling against the bed, quite dead. A secret kept for half a century then came to light: the supposed Mlle. de Coulanges was a man! Papers found in the room, and which certainly had been documents

belonging to a demoiselle Savalette de Coulanges, of a noble and well known family, proved her age to be 72—his countenance was that of one ten years older. On examination, the letters T. F. were found branded on the shoulder. How and when this escaped convict had found means to take the place, name and papers of Mlle. de Coulanges, to receive her pension and pecuniary assistance from her relatives, is still unknown. It is probable he murdered her and concealed the body, but how he managed to carry on the cheat so long undetected, is most strange.—*Paris Correspondence of the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ELASTIC COMPOSITION FOR COATING.—Mr. B. Parker, Hammersmith, for making 1 cwt. of elastic composition, proposes the use of india-rubber about 10 lbs., which is mixed with say 40 lbs. of tar, when the following materials are added: pulverised chalk, 48 lbs.; sulphur, 1-2 lb. With these materials are incorporated flax, cotton waste, or other suitable material, to give a tenacious character to the whole, about 20 lbs., making together 118 lbs.; allow for waste 6 lbs., and 1 cwt. remains. The mass is brought into a homogeneous state, and rolled into sheets or pressed into moulds.

From The Saturday Review.

ROBERT EMMETT.*

THIS little volume is an interesting and well-written summary of a very pathetic story, the outline of which is probably well enough known to most of our readers. It is, however, put into a shape and accompanied by reflections which will, we have no doubt, interest them once more in its repetition. Francis Robert Emmett was born at Dublin, in 1780, and was the youngest of three brothers, each of whom was in his own way distinguished. Temple Emmett, the eldest, was at the Irish bar, and died after practising there for seven years with considerable distinction. Thomas Addis Emmett, also a barrister, took a very conspicuous part in public affairs. Indeed, he was so much mixed up with the rebellion of 1798 that he narrowly escaped with his life, and owed his safety to a long imprisonment, which was succeeded by exile to the United States, where he passed the rest of his days. He practised at the bar of New York, and rose to great distinction there. Robert Emmett grew up in an atmosphere in which it was impossible that he should not conceive the most violent enmity against the English Government, and from a very early age his extraordinary eloquence and his extreme opinions attracted their attention and excited their suspicions. He was the most conspicuous member of the famous Historical Society at Trinity College, Dublin, which possessed a degree of political importance which we can hardly conceive any schoolboy debating society—and it was very little more—to be invested. It is said that the Government attached so much importance to the proceedings of this body that it actually deputed a man of some standing and eminence as a barrister to go to one of its meetings for the express purpose of confuting certain republican theories advocated by Emmett. Whatever his political influence over his college associates may have been, it was brought to an abrupt close in 1798 by his expulsion for refusing to take a species of test oath of fidelity to the Government, which the college authorities tried to impose on the students. He was immediately introduced to a wider and more serious scene. Under the pretence of finishing his education by travelling, he paid several visits to the Continent, and had a good many communications with Bonaparte, then first Consul, whom he supplied with memoirs on the possibility of organizing an invasion of Ireland.

These intrigues continued, with more or less activity, until the year 1803, when, upon the outbreak of the second war between France and England, and the attempt of Napoleon to invade this country, he went over to

Dublin to organize a revolt which was originally intended to have been seconded by the landing of a French army on the south coast of England. His intention was to surprise Dublin Castle, to induce the peasantry from various counties in the neighborhood to march into the town, and finally to call together such of the members of the old Irish Parliament as were opposed to the policy of the Union, erect them into a Provisional Government, and proclaim the independence of Ireland. He organized his plan with very remarkable secrecy. Up to the very day when he made his attempt, the Lord-Lieutenant was profoundly ignorant of his intentions. On the afternoon of the 23rd July, he suddenly placarded the walls of Dublin with an address to the inhabitants, calling upon them to join him in his attack on the Government, and at the head of about eighty men attempted to capture the Castle. A considerable mob collected in other parts of the town, and whilst Emmett's followers were assailed and repulsed in the attempt to accomplish their principal object by a small body of police, part of the insurgents fell in with the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, and murdered him in the street, and before the eyes of his daughter. Emmett, says his biographer, was overpowered with horror and disgust at the perpetration of so heinous a crime, and, shortly after it was consummated, left Dublin, though not before he had been engaged in a sharp but unsuccessful skirmish with the troops, who in the course of two hours completely suppressed the revolt. Emmett retired to the Wicklow hills, where he found a considerable number of persons in arms ready to march upon Dublin. With some difficulty he persuaded them to disperse, and hope for better times; but he persisted in revisiting the capital, in order to take leave of Miss Curran, to whom he had been for some time engaged, without her father's knowledge. He was discovered there, and was shortly afterwards condemned and executed. His trial was remarkable for the well-known speech which he made in arrest of judgment, and which competent judges declared to be one of the most eloquent ever heard in an Irish Court of law. It is certainly pathetic; but it is not very easy to see how it was appropriate to the circumstances of the case. It only amounts to a passionate assertion that he was right and the law wrong, which, even if it had been true, was not to the point.

The romantic circumstances of Emmett's career, and the undoubted courage and self-devotion which signalized his whole life, have surrounded his name with a sort of halo, of which his biographer does his utmost to enhance the splendor. Emmett, in his opinion, is one of those persons whom every one

* Robert Emmett, Paris. 1858.

is bound to reverence who acknowledges any higher standard of merit than mere success. England—such is the inuendo—stands to Ireland in the same relation in which Louis Napoleon stands to French liberty. We have, it is asserted, a clearer view of our own interest, and greater perseverance; but, on the other hand, less conscience and less mind than those on whose ruin our prosperity is founded. The world is so constructed that the cold, hard, unromantic temper which has no illusions, and which is never deterred from the pursuit of its own ends, is more than a match in most of the careers of life for sensibility, intellect, and genius. Such is the moral drawn from Emmett's history; and it is ingeniously enough contrived to comfort the partisans of French liberty for their defeat, and to give vent to a sort of soreness at the contrast afforded by England, which we are sorry to be obliged to admit is a common feeling amongst a large class of Frenchmen. We fully agree that mere success is often nothing more than that prosperity of the wicked which has been the great puzzle of life since David wrote the Psalms; but, on the other hand, continual failure is certainly strong evidence of some great fault. It may be susceptible of explanation, but it unfortunately demands it. It appears to us that Emmett's career was one great fault, redeemed no doubt by certain splendid qualities, but founded upon wrong principles and carried out by bad means. He never seems to have felt that it is a tremendous responsibility, only to be justified by the most extreme necessity, to attack an established Government, and to plunge the nation into civil war. It never seems to have occurred to him to inquire whether, if Irish independence were possible, it would not be a mere state of organized internecine civil war between Catholics and Protestants. As the event showed, he was grossly mistaken as to the character of the people with whom he had to do. He had hoped to be the leader of a body of heroic patriots—he found himself at the head of a cowardly and ferocious mob, by whose excesses he was so disgusted that he threw up the whole undertaking on the first check which it received. Indeed it is perfectly clear, from the whole story, that if his enterprise was not utterly wild and desperate, he was a very fainthearted person. There are cases in which, as the phrase is, resistance to a Government becomes a mere question of prudence, but it is not the less a question of vast importance. It is a question which men decide at their peril; and if they decide it wrongly, they are justly looked upon as amongst the most guilty of all criminals.

Mere failure may not be conclusive evidence of the folly of the original plan; but if Emmett's plan had succeeded, its madness would have been still more apparent than it is now.

The view which the volume before us takes of England, and of the sources of our greatness, is, we think, as unjust as it is unfortunately common on the Continent. No one who really knows what Englishmen are would ever think of describing them as a cold, selfish, calculating race, who succeed by the absence of all the faults which accompany a generous temper. The shallowness of this opinion, and the mode in which it arose, are equally obvious. In that sort of melodramatic hastiness which characterizes so much French speculation, our censors personify England, and proceed to talk of "her" selfishness, "her" intense pursuit of self-interest, and so forth, without perceiving that, if a great mass of men show a power of pursuing a common object with indefatigable energy and perseverance, it is simply absurd to call them selfish. Patriotism and selfishness are utterly inconsistent. The fact is that Englishmen have more, and not less, than other nations of that generous warmth and force of feeling which is the basis of all strong characters, and which our Continental critics deny to us. The difference lies in the use which we make of it. On the Continent it is by no means an uncommon thing (especially in France) to draw a deep line between the ideal which delights youth and the realities which occupy middle age. After the illusions of the one period are dispelled, the other is cold indeed. This is not our practice here. We do not make all our gunpowder into fireworks, and we have some contempt for those who do. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy princes are children!" The poetry of a man's character must be weak indeed, if it does not grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. It should display itself, not in boyish amusements, but in the grave affairs of life. Our romance comes out, not in childish revolts, gaudy sentiments, and a literature of despair—it must be looked for in the history of England; and it will be found, by those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, in the existence of the greatest Empire, the strongest institutions, and the most splendid list of daring achievements that any nation in the world can show. Cold-hearted, calculating selfishness would have found it no easy thing to storm Delhi and to relieve Lucknow—to discover the North-West Passage, and to explore the African Continent—to say nothing of founding the British Empire, and peopling North America.

From Household Words.

A SWEEP THROUGH THE STARS.

ONE of the most curious and pleasing delusions to which the soul of man is in the habit of yielding itself during repose, is the frequent dream in which the sleeping individual fancies himself gifted with the power of flight. He is uplifted from the ground, as if in a buoyant medium, and glides without an effort through the scenes of an ever-varying panorama. He skims over the surface of azure seas; he traverses the glades of tropical forests; he passes within sight of Alpine chains of rock and mountain; he leaves ordinary combinations of landscape behind him, and enters some valley whose paradisaical loveliness has no existing type amongst earthly realities. He even feels a semi-consciousness that pictures of such surpassing beauty are but visions, after all; and he makes an effort, in consequence, to prevent himself from waking to behold his homely chamber instead of the brilliant phantasms of his brain. It is a remarkable psychological fact, that the same identical scenes (which have no original type here below, from which they are copied) are visited, in dreams, by the same person, after the lapse of days, months, and years. Landscape dreams cannot be evoked at will; they return spontaneously, depending probably on certain similar conditions both of mind and body, perhaps including the further circumstances of ventilation and bedding. But certain it is that their visits are capricious and irregular; they come like shadows, and so depart.

It would be a delightful privilege were we able to command the visions of the night, and to treat ourselves to a spectacle that should be interesting, instructive, or magnificent, at will. The nearest approach to this intellectual indulgence is the perusal of some able book, which, by the power of its subject, and the magic of its style, carries off the mind to distant realms of space, and to far-removed epochs of time. One particular flying dream, with which hundreds of men would be enraptured, were they able to command it, is, not a mere passing glance at things of the earth, or at details or combinations of things of earthly semblance, but a bird's-eye view of celestial scenery,—of groups of worlds and constellations, such as would serve to convey some imperfect idea, less of planetary life or its minutiae, confined in its compass and narrow in its scale, than of the grand plan and disposition of this our corner of the universe. Let us try and soar, then, in waking spirit, since we cannot so compel our slumbering souls, and mount far, far above that tiny, microscopic bit of dust which the human race have entitled Earth.

Tiny and even microscopic it really is, by comparison, although it may boast a diameter of eight thousand miles, or thereabouts, either from pole to pole, or from the equatorial surface of one hemisphere to that of its antipodes on the hemisphere opposite. Jupiter alone is equal to thirteen hundred Earths; the Sun to a million four hundred thousand Earths; Sirius to eleven millions two hundred thousand of the same. But all that enormous mass of matter is nothing—still by comparison. Regard the firmament of Heaven during any clear, cloudless, moonless night; the deep-blue vault is scattered with stars, in number prodigious, wonderful. Who can tell their multitude? No man living; and it is probable that no man will ever live who can. For they are supposed to be infinite; in number absolutely without limit or end. More than twenty thousand stars are already registered in our catalogues. William Herschell, while observing certain portions of the Milky Way, saw more than fifty thousand stars pass over the field of his telescope, during a single hour, in a strip of sky only two degrees in breadth. Laplace admits that there may exist ten thousand million stars; he might have ventured to guess as far as a million thousand million, and yet have remained within the truth. Put the sum of the bulk of all these together, and then say whether the Earth is not a microscopic atom, in spite of our spelling her with a capital E. The wonder is, that the animalcules who creep over the surface of this insignificant particle should be endowed with sufficient intellectual power to speculate on the nature of the Sun and the arrangement of the Universe.

But human thought and imagination can easily conceive that, beyond the space accessible to our eyes or our instruments, there exists space a hundred times, a thousand million times larger than it,—than the finite space which our finite organs and instruments are able to fathom. When once the mind has thus far climbed these lofty heights, whose utmost summit is inaccessible to human understanding,—these elevated regions, which are really the mountain-peaks of truth,—it falls wonder-stricken and prostrate before the measureless power of Him who planned the Universe, wherein, boundless as it is, perfect order reigns from a past eternity to an eternity to come.

Nothing, or next to nothing, is known of the physical constitution of the stars. There are stars which shine with white, bluish, yellowish, and reddish light respectively; there are single stars, like our sun; and there are stars which go in pairs, and in threes, revolving round each other, or rather round their common centre of gravity; it is as if the

earth and the moon were more nearly equal to each other in size, and shone with their own instead of with borrowed light.

Astronomers have succeeded, by ingenious means, of whose correctness there is no reason to doubt, in determining the distance of the nearest stars. The only way in which we can approach to a conception of that vast distance is by making use of the rate at which light is transmitted for the measurement of the interval between us and them. Now, light travels one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second of time, and it takes the nearest star more than six years and a half to send us its light; in other words, supposing that the star were utterly annihilated, we should continue to see it for more than six years and a half after it had disappeared from its place in the heavens. This distance, reduced arithmetically to miles, becomes a range of figures too long to make any clear impression on the mind, so completely does it overstep our habitual range of numeration. Well, Herschell believes that certain nebulae must have taken as much as two million years to transmit us their feeble and cloudy light, so that what we see of them is probably their past history rather than their present state. And now an astounding, extreme idea, which stretches our thoughts in another direction—namely, that of infinite littleness. Monsieur F. Moigno (and others with him) surmises that, however great may be the density of either solid or fluid bodies, their ultimate and elementary atoms are as widely separated from each other, relatively to their size, as are the heavenly bodies in open space.

In our flight through the starry firmament, it is natural that we should hover, in fond contemplation, over our own home and birth-place, our solar system, our habitation,—earth and her sister planets. There they circle beneath us, shining orbs, all wheeling in one direction, though of various magnitude and brightness, around their lordly master the sun. Seen from the height at which we soar, allowing a complete view at once of the central star and the planets in their orbits, the Sun looks like a globe of fire some six and twenty inches in diameter; Mercury, his nearest attendant, is of the modest size of a grain of millet; next comes Venus, the size of a pea; the earth is a little larger pea; Mars is a good-sized, nay, a large pin's head. The telescopic planets produce a dazzling effect, like motes of dust dancing in the sunshine; they amount to, at least, some fifty or sixty small grains of sand. Jupiter beams like a fine bright orange, while Saturn rivals the magnitude of a billiard-ball. Uranus resembles a phosphorescent cherry; Neptune might be taken for a still more faintly luminous plum. The apparent distance between these revol-

ving orbs may be measured by scores and hundreds of yards; while the constellations of fixed stars are outlying in space at such extreme distances, that no change in their aspect, no alteration in the perspective of their groups, is perceptible to an ordinary observer, if we flit from the planetary pea to the orange, or from the orange to the plum. In companionship with most of these, are satellites or moons, whose dimensions are as variable as those of the planets themselves, though we know of no moon so small as many of the telescopic planets. Thus, Titan, Saturn's sixth satellite in point of distance, discovered by Huygens, is much more bulky than Mercury, and only a trifle smaller than Mars.

Let us cautiously (for fear of burning our wings) approach the common centre and parent of our own planetary family; for the latest system of cosmogony makes him, materially, the father of us all. From his substance are believed to have been born, at the will of the Great Artificer, planets, and from them their satellites; from the sun, too, comets and aërolites. As we draw near to the mighty luminary, we perceive black, angular, irregular spots, surrounded by a penumbra or half-obscure fringe with radiating puckers, like those of a muslin frill. They contract and expand, opening and closing like the thunder-clouds observed in a stormy sky. Did we dare to venture nearer, we should find that these luminous and flickering stripes are the crests of immense waves of flame, or incandescent gas, agitated by the heavings and tossings to and fro of the solar atmosphere. But the portion of the sun's disc which is exempt from spots is far from shining with uniform brilliancy. The ground of its pattern—to borrow a homely phrase—is thinly overspread with a multitude of little black spots or spores, which are in a state of continual change, as if curdled matter, or some chemical precipitate, were rising and sinking in a transparent fluid. We can almost see that an eddying luminous flood is intermingled and boiling up together with another non-luminous tide, without any actual mixture or combination of the two taking place.

When the Jesuit Scheiner first discovered the spots on the sun, he dared not publish his discovery, although he confided it to a few of his most intimate pupils. After repeated observations had removed all doubt as to their existence, he consulted the Provincial Father of his Order, a zealous peripatetic philosopher, who refused to believe in any thing of the kind, because Aristotle had said that the sun is all over shining with light. "I have several times read my Aristotle," he sagely observed, "from beginning to end, and I can assure you that he mentions not a sylla-

ble about it. Go, my son; make yourself easy, and take it for certain that what you suppose to be spots on the sun are nothing but flaws in your glasses, or your eyes." Scheiner obeyed his superior's advice, said no more about the spots on the sun, and retired, after admitting that his eyes must be in the wrong, and Aristotle in the right. But the spots on the sun were not to be so put down. A senator of Augsburg, named Veiser, who had heard whispers about the novel heresy, wrote to Galileo. The astronomer replied that Scheiner's eyes were as good as need be, and that he himself had watched those spots for some time past.

The size of these ever-changing spots is sometimes exceedingly great, covering a superficies several times larger than the whole surface of the earth, were it spread out flat, instead of being spherical. The first result of this discovery was the proof that the sun, which had always been regarded as perfectly motionless in the midst of the universe, had a rotary movement on its own axis. By observing the time that each spot required to return to the same apparent position, it was found that the sun performed a complete revolution in about five-and-twenty days and a half. Thus, the hour of a solar day,—which day, however, can scarcely have an alternation of light and darkness, like ours,—is equal to a whole terrestrial day and something more. The difference gives a slight idea of the relative magnitude of the two respective globes; time, or rather its means of measurement, bears here a certain proportion to space. The size of the sun is oppressive to think of. If we suppose the earth placed in the middle of the sun, like the kernel inside a peach, so that their two centres coincided, the entire orbit of the moon would lie within the solid body of the sun, about halfway between the centre and the surface. To comprehend the truth, therefore, we must conceive a spherical mass, whose radius stretches from the centre of the earth to twice the distance of the moon. A vessel which circumnavigates the earth in three years, would require considerably more than the longest human life, namely, nearly three hundred years, to perform a similar feat of navigation, if sailing at the same rate, round the sun. The study, therefore, of solar geography, and any thing like extensive solar travels, must be difficult undertakings for dwellers on the sun, unless their term of life is very much more extended than our own. After this, think of the magnitude of that magnificent luminary, the Dog-star, which is calculated to be eight times as large as the sun.

Weight, or the force of gravity, is twenty-eight times as powerful at the surface of the

sun as it is at the surface of the earth. A full-grown man, like one of ourselves, if he fell on the sun, from a height equal to his own stature, would be smashed as if he had thrown himself from an earthly steeple. Elephants and rhinoceroses, weighing twenty-eight times as much as they do in their terrestrial haunts, would be immovable fixtures; their muscles would not serve to stir them, were ill-luck to convey them to a solar forest. A Daniel Lambert, sent to the sun for exhibition, would sink to the ground, and would be flattened and outspread by the force of his own weight, like a loose bag of quicksilver here. Supposing the existence of a solar population—a hypothesis which is generally accepted, and on rational grounds, at present—we must believe them to be little fragile creatures, with frames of the utmost lightness and suppleness. The only bodily constitution which seems possible under the conditions in which they are placed, is analogous to that with which popular imagination has endowed the sylphs of the air, and the fairies of the wood; they must be made up of dew and vapor, held together by gossamer bones, and cobweb muscles.

The spots on the sun also led to the discovery of its physical constitution. It was found by ingenious observations that those spots are nothing else than holes through which the body itself of the luminary is caught sight of. The sun, therefore, is composed of two very different materials, namely, the internal mass, which is a solid body, non-luminous, and black; and a superficial envelope, which consists of a light stratum of inflamed substance, whence the star appears to derive its light-and-heat-giving power. An elastic fluid, elaborated on the dark surface of the sun, and floating upwards through the luminous coat, would force it aside temporarily, like the drawing back of a curtain, and so produce the effect of spots. This notion gives two distinct atmospheres to envelope the interior globe of the sun. He rejoiceth as a giant to run his course—somewhere in the direction of the constellation Hercules—and bedecks himself with light as it were with a garment. The latest observations suggest the belief that the sun has not less than three distinct coats.

The opinions of the learned on this curious point have changed completely and rapidly. Towards the close of the last century, one Doctor Elliot was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of one Miss Boydell, in a fit of jealous rage. His friends defended him successfully, on the plea of madness; they brought before the jury certain writings, in which the doctor maintained that the light of the sun came from what he called a dense and universal aurora; in short, an aurora

borealis, which entirely surrounded the mass of the sun. He also endeavored to prove that the sun, in spite of the torrents of light and heat which it unceasingly pours over the planetary system, might still itself enjoy so moderate a temperature at its actual surface as to be habitable. A few years later, William Herschell astonished the world by adopting the criminal lunatic's ideas. He declared that the matter which causes the sun to shine is neither a liquid nor an elastic fluid but a stratum of phosphoric clouds floating in the sun's transparent atmosphere. The lower atmosphere is not luminous, but merely reflects the light of the upper one. Arago by means of polariscopic experiments, has furnished what is considered proof that the luminous portion of the sun is of a gaseous nature. Mr. Thomas Woods deduces from photographic results, the probability that the nature of the sun is analogous to that of flame, since their results are identical. Each solar atmosphere, separated by a certain interval, is endowed with independent movements. The thickness of the atmospheres is estimated at between two and three thousand miles. Modern science, which has swept the inhabitants of the moon into nothingness by the ever increasing assurance that the moon has no respirable atmosphere, has given almost official authority to the fact that organized beings dwell on the surface of the sun, and exist unscorched by his ardent rays.

Buffon's cosmological theory, that a comet, striking the sun obliquely, knocked off splashes of igneous matter of various dimensions, and so produced the planets and their satellites, has long fallen into disrepute, and at the present day has received its death-blow, from the current belief that the mass of a comet is next to nothing. To this succeeded the hypothesis of Laplace, who maintained that our whole solar system was once a vast rotatory nebula, rarefied by excessive heat, and whose limits reached beyond the orbit of Neptune; that the planets were formed by the process of cooling and condensation, at the successively-outward boundary of this fiery atmosphere, from zones of vapor that were thrown off from the plane of its equator as they gradually hardened and contracted into smaller dimensions. Buffon and Laplace agree on one point; they both of them make the planets proceed from the sun. Every one is now of the same opinion in that respect. Nobody scarcely ventures to doubt that the earth is of igneous origin; and the sun is the only known source of heat in our system. But now, a bold philosopher, M. Boutigny (d'Evreux), who backs his theory by facts and experiments, holds that the planets are the direct and immediate offspring of the sun, without the

intervention of a blow from a comet, or a condensation of the solar atmosphere. The satellites, being the children of the planets, are consequently the grandchildren of the sun by lineal descent.

M. Boutigny considers the central sphere of the sun as a body in the spheroidal state, preserved from the action of its own blazing atmosphere by the property which it possesses of reflecting caloric. The entire sun has a movement of rotation on its axis, and every one of its atoms takes part in the same movement. Independent of this motion, the sun and every one of its molecules are animated by the vibratory motion observed in all bodies in the spheroidal state. And now, let us not forget the enormous volume of the sun,—so great, that all the planets and their satellites put together scarcely make the six hundred and fiftieth part of it. These points laid down, what more is wanted to make the planets to be born of the sun? Nothing but vibrations of great force and amplitude, for the projection of a portion of the sun's own substance beyond his incandescent or exterior atmosphere. Of this nature are the volcanic eruptions and the earthquakes on our own globe, which are propagated by vibration, waves, or undulations. The sun having a movement of rotation from west to east, everything which proceeds from the sun must have also a rotatory movement from west to east, and, moreover, a motion of progression in the same direction. The satellites are also part and parcel of the sun, but subsequently shot into space by the explosive force of the planets around which they now revolve. The moon, for instance, is the daughter of the earth. Unless the tearing up, and the projection of a portion of our globe into open space be admitted, it is impossible to explain satisfactorily the hollowing-out of the basins which contain the oceans: whilst it is naturally accounted for, by admitting the projection of the forty-ninth part (reckoning by bulk) of the earth's substance, which cast-off portion now forms the lunar sphere. Such explosions are doubtless going on at the present day in other worlds. When the explosions take place in a direction which is not far from perpendicular, the force which occasions them is combined with the centrifugal force, and the solar material may be projected in masses sufficiently considerable, and to distances sufficiently great to form the planets of our system. On the other hand, when the explosions shoot out their charge in either of the other direction, the small masses which alone can be projected beyond the limits of the sun's blazing atmosphere, are thereby destined to traverse the heavens in all directions, and become comets, aërolites, or asteroids, with orbits

more or less elliptical, and sometimes even irregular, causing them to wander from system to system.

Olbiers was of opinion that the telescopic planets were simply the remains of a former planet which had burst into fragments. Arago favors this opinion, which receives a powerful corroboration from the strange fact related by Varro, which appears to have occurred about eighteen hundred and thirty-one years before the Christian era: "the planet Venus was seen to change its diameter, its color, its shape, and its course." The doubling, or division of several comets, is a well-observed and well-proved phenomenon; but the most remarkable circumstance is the discovery, on the very same day of 1848, in Europe and America respectively, of a new satellite of Saturn. According to M. Boutigny's ideas, this new satellite was discovered immediately after its birth, or projection; that is to say, that Saturn is still agitated by grand vibratory movements, in which the centrifugal force predominates. It is scarcely possible to admit that Saturn, who has been constantly watched ever since the discovery of the last satellite but one, should have been able to hide from so many prying eyes the new-hatched bantling, whose existence has been so recently signalized.

Aërolites are presumed to be shot out from volcanoes in the sun in a direction parallel or obliquely inclined to its axis of rotation. The opinion is confirmed by the smallness of their size, and their property of being self-luminous, which is a property belonging exclusively to the sun. A meteor has been seen to appear in the firmament, at a distance double that of the moon from the earth, and to direct its course towards our planet: but, on

passing in the neighborhood of the moon, it described a curve convex to the earth, rushed towards the moon, and disappeared. Its luminosity was, therefore, not owing to any combustion in our atmosphere. Aërolites have been supposed to come from lunar volcanoes; but the moon has never possessed volcanoes, though she has mountains in plenty, and though she herself is of volcanic origin.

To sum up. Planets, celestial meteors, and aërolites, are all the immediate offspring of the sun, as satellites are the offspring of their respective planets. Consequently, the matter of which our system is composed, must be essentially of the same, or very similar nature, throughout. Gold in Venus would tally with gold in Jupiter. Earthly ice would be homogeneous with the ice of Saturn.

But, if all the bodies of our planetary system are the progeny of the sun, whence comes the sun himself? From another much more voluminous sun, to whom ours would be nothing but a planet, or a satellite merely. And this other sun? From a third, vaster still. And, after that, what then? And again, what then? To what first commencement can we trace the life, the laws, and the movement, which the Eternal Almighty Ruler has ordained to exist throughout His Universe? Whatever he may do, and wherever he may seek, the proudest human intellect is obliged at last to bow and worship before the incomprehensible power of the Supreme Governor of suns and worlds. All we know is, that before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, there was One who ruled from everlasting, and who will rule world without end.

JUST AS WELL TO DO IT IN A HURRY.—Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough there stood Jobie right before my face and eyes. "Come in," sez I, "and take a cheer." "No, Lizzie," sez he, "I've come on an arrant, and I always do my arrants fust." "But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W—." "No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this 'ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead these three weeks, and everthing's going to rack an' ruin right straight along. Now, Lizzie, ef you've a mind to hev me, an' take care of my house, an'

my children, an' my things, tell me, an' I'll come in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu." Why I was skeered, and sed—"If you come on this courtin' business, come in; I must think on't a little." "No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant—an' I can't sit down till my arrant's done." "I should like to think on't a day or two." "No, you needn't Lizzie." "Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's to you then." So Mr. W— came in. Then he went after the Squire an' he married us right off, an' I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well to do it in a hurry.

From The London Journal.
THE MAN WITH THE HESSIAN BOOTS.

AMONG the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well-known Café de Foy in the Palais Royal, about the year 1815, was a little old man, very carefully dressed, although his costume constituted a real anachronism. His head was enveloped in a warm Welsh wig, with a long thick queue depending from it, which appeared, when viewed from its hinder aspect, to resemble a full-grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference. His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were met midway down his stumpy legs by long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downwards in folds so as to cover in part a round and well-developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a deep maroon color, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the Republic, incased the outward man; and a hat, bevelled off into a sugar-loaf form surmounted the wig, and completed the equipment.

After all, however, this costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of the hundreds of antiquated men who about this epoch were to be seen swarming forth in fine weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower. The little old man in question visited the Café de Foy every morning precisely at one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the peculiar fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved from each day's consumption, and put aside for his breakfast the following morning. From this practice the old gentleman became known among the different waiters by the *sobriquet* of "the old man who always ate stale bread."

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble in no small degree those of an automaton. He entered the café every morning without looking to the right or the left, and proceeded directly forwards to a little round table, isolated and incommensurable, and which for this reason was nearly always vacant. After being served with his breakfast he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which figured beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pocket of his green waistcoat: he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains

of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals.

Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the café expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little old man as a very Vandal, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, and among them myself, were of a different opinion; we considered him, for precisely the same reasons, a very paragon of prudence and wisdom. Inattentive to both parties, "the man who always ate stale bread" pursued the quiet tenor of his way without change. He never attempted to form any intimacies, or suffered any unnecessary expressions to escape from his lips; his breakfast was eaten in silence, and usually terminated with the finale of a march beaten with his fingers on the table: his next step consisted in pulling up the Hessian boots to their greatest altitude, after which he paid for his breakfast, gave the waiter a sou, and left the house without saluting the *dame de comptoir*.

The worthy old gentleman's habits and peculiarities excited so much attention among the customers and waiters at the coffee-house, and his manners were so gentle and docile, that some of the younger people began to think he would prove an eligible butt for their pleasantries. A sub-lieutenant on half-pay, and in want of cheap amusement, determined one day to forestall the old gentleman in his accustomed seat, and take possession of the table to which he was attached. The little man arrived, and without being disconcerted took his place on the opposite side.

"There is no room here for two," said the young fire-eater, twirling his moustache.

"I have used this table for months," replied the old man without moving, and in a deprecating tone of voice.

The soldier could not resist the appeal, and retreated from the field. This occurrence encouraged one of the waiters to make a further trial of his equanimity: the little, old man, unwilling as I have said to waste words was in the habit of holding out his fore-finger to intimate the *quantum sufficit* of coffee and of cream. The waiter, pretending inadvertence, directed the stream of boiling coffee over the finger of the original, at the instant that he waved it forth as a signal to cease pouring. The sufferer rose silently from his seat, and, with an alacrity for which no one gave him credit, brought the point of his stout Hessian boot in contact with that part of the person of the waiter which was uncovered with coat tails, and sent the joker spinning across the floor of the apartment.

The waiter was exiled from the coffee-room as a punishment for the attack; the justice

of the master condemned him to serve for a certain space in the laboratory, as the kitchen of the café-restaurant is called.

In the end, "the man who always ate stale bread" triumphed over his tormentors, and generally had the laughter on his own side; he did not, however, exhibit any appearance of triumph; and after one or two additional attempts at mystification, finding him quite immovable, his enemies left him to enjoy in peace his little table at the Café de Foy.

One day, towards the close of the year 1817, the old man quitted the café without paying for his breakfast; but as he made no observation in so doing it was supposed that he had forgotten it and would remember the next morning. The coffee-house keeper, however, reckoned without his host in this supposition, for the next day came, and the next, and the next—"the man who always ate stale bread" regularly pocketed his two lumps of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he had been accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice continued for a week, at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee-house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill, the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, or made any allusion to this remarkable change in his ancient habits.

Dominic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become attached to the old man in consequence of the little trouble he gave and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Dominic imagined from the circumstance of his not diminishing the expense of his breakfast that the good man was merely laboring under some temporary embarrassment; so that partly from calculation and partly from good feeling Dominic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and that the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the accommodation.

But Dominic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten months elapsed without any allusion to the matter or offer of payment. The coffee-house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Dominic was running. Dominic himself, exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing for ever, when one day the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and after a careful calculation handed to

the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifteen francs six sous as his gratuity, at the rate of one sou a-day for ten months, of which four contained each thirty-one days.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head waiter it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result, for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash-box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house, the master first helping himself to the lion's share; at this rate, therefore, Dominic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sixpence. Dominic knew this, but was satisfied with the reward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment, placed the gratuity in the common receptacle, and transferred the other monies to his own stronghold, for he had previously paid day by day the expense of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Dominic's movements with his eyes, at the same time beating upon the table a march somewhat longer and a little more vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year—that is to say, three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt, the proprietor of the café, who had realized a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of the establishment and retiring from trade.

Hearing this intention announced in the café, the old gentleman made a sign to Dominic, who was in attendance, to approach, and began a conversation. Dominic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened its mouth and asked for a cup of coffee. But Dominic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

"My friend," said the little old gentleman to the head waiter, "you are a good fellow, and I wish you well."

Dominic bowed, and elevated his shoulders with that slight movement which may be interpreted *ad libitum* to mean "I am much obliged," or "It is of little consequence to me." The old man took the former explanation, and continued—

"Dominic, I am sure you have been economical; I know this and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away—I know you have saved money."

Dominic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly needed to be interpreted. "He is about to ask me to lend him money," thought the head waiter.

The questioner appeared to divine the thoughts of the waiter; his visage was for an instant distorted with a grimace of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages which decorate the porch of some Gothic church.

"Dominic," he continued, "I see that I am right—you have money in the funds. This is excellent; and now to reply to my question shortly and to the purpose. Do you think from your own knowledge that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favorable speculation in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?"

Dominic was pleased to have an opportunity of talking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts. "If," said he, "the purchaser understood the business so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he was not compelled to borrow the purchase money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune."

"Well, and why do you not purchase it?"

"Mercy, I! with what?"

"With your savings."

"My savings! they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! how long have you been in the service, Dominic?"

"I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine."

"You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sou to sou would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly, it must be so. Dominic, I know a person who could assist you with a loan; how much do you want?"

"Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs—the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter a few years longer, and retire upon a small annuity, than run the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt."

"You speak sense, my friend, but leave the matter to me."

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without uttering another word. The next morning he came to the café half an hour earlier than was his custom. Dominic commenced arranging his table, but the old man arrested his arm.

"Where is the proprietor?" said he.

"In his cabinet," said Dominic.

"Conduct me to him."

Dominic moved forward to show the old man the way; his heart beat with violence, for although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the good man was weak in his intellect,

and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which "the man who ate stale bread" proceeded about the business. When they were both arrived in the presence of the proprietor the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

"How much do you demand for your establishment?" said he.

"Before I reply to your inquiry," said the proprietor, who suspected some mystification or scene of folly, "before I reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, suffer me to ask whom I have the honor to address?"

"You are right. If two parties are about to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Ragelet, ex-commissary-general of the armies of the empire."

"Baron Ragelet!" said the proprietor, bowing; "I know the name; I have seen it lately in the newspapers."

"No doubt—in relation to an injunction obtained by my indignant family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was estreated, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity, and having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund to this excellent man the little sum he had the generosity to disburse for me. Now that we know each other let us return to business. What sum do you demand for your establishment?"

"Two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"It is not perhaps too dear; and you would probably have no objection to leave some of the purchase-money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now is better than two hundred and twenty thousand in prospect. Here, then," he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, "is two hundred thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France. If these satisfy you the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my time I have completed more important bargains in fewer words."

Dominic and his master both seemed stupefied with surprise. The baron appeared to enjoy their confusion, and rubbed his hands and repeated the grimace to which we have already alluded.

"I am willing to agree," said the proprietor; "but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary."

"Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form by the three parties present?"

"But with respect to the interest," murmured Dominic in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the baron's coat, "it is necessary—"

"Bah!" replied the old man, "I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgement—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor."

Dominic fell from his elevation, and "the man who always ate stale bread" descended to the coffee-room. While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, beat a superb march on the table, drew up his boots, and departed with his two friends to finish, by a dash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Dominic was installed in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast in his usual impassable manner, when one day, as he was leaving the room, he deviated so far from his usual custom as to approach Dominic, who was enthroned in the seat of honor, and address him with the following words:—

"Dominic," said he, "I think you have warm affections."

"Perhaps," said Dominic, fixing his eyes upon the baron, as though he would read his thoughts.

"I see," said the other, "you have them when the occasion demands it; you are right—I am pleased with the reservation. I find you have not lost your heart—marriage is the most important affair of a man's life. Dominic, you must get married."

"I have already thought of it, sir," said Dominic; "a wife would be a great source of comfort and economy—it would save the expense of a *dame de comptour*."

"True," said the baron; "you have need of aid and counsel—you shall have them. Be ready at eight o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will pay a visit together."

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the baron. Dominic was ready, and accompanied Monsieur Ragelet in a hackney coach to that quarter of decayed wealth—the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stopped at the door of a house of mean appearance, and having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found

two ladies, who received them with marked attention.

"Madame Dupré," said the baron to one of them, with an appearance of friendly familiarity. "this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken, and in whose welfare I hope to interest you. Dominic," continued he turning towards the coffee-house keeper, "this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me many important services. She has promised to extend her favors to you, and will permit you to visit her at intervals."

While Monsieur Ragelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupré, whose name was Rose, and who, without being exactly beautiful, possessed all the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Dominic attentively, and he in return bestowed upon her a large share of his attention. The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties, for Dominic was well-formed, and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart. He had also taken care at his first introduction to set off his person to the best advantage, believing the old adage, that, with the ladies, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*.

But the meanness of the apartment, and simple and unexpensive dresses of the ladies, somewhat disappointed Dominic. He was anxious at the earliest possible moment to return the baron's loan, and indeed thought, from a hint the baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce him to a lady of property, with some sum towards the liquidation of his debt. But observing such obvious signs of want of wealth in the Duprés, he came to the conclusion that the baron was now desirous of marrying him to a girl who had been under his protection, in return for the favors which he had just bestowed. This thought occasioned Dominic great uneasiness; but whatever the appearances might be, the conclusion was a wrong one. The next day, as the interview had been satisfactory between the young people, the baron announced to Dominic his plans in full. He stated the nature of the obligations conferred upon him by the elder Dupré, and his desire, as the family were left in adverse circumstances, to return the obligation without alarming their delicacy; and this, he thought, he could best do by effecting a marriage between Dominic and the daughter of his friend.

Dominic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady appeared truly amiable, and desirable as a partner for life; and before a week had elapsed Dominic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was duly accepted by the *protégé* of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The marriage was soon after solemnized; and the same day, after his customary breakfast, the Baron beckoned to Dominic to approach.

"You have done well," said he; "you have married, without interested motives, a woman desirous and capable of rendering you happy. I told you I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me: it is the dowry of Rose. And here," continued he, tearing the two hundred thousand franc bill in pieces, "I destroy the acknowledgment you gave for the money. Enjoy it, and be happy."

Dominic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the Baron's feet, but he was already out of the door.

"Two or three such reparations," he muttered to himself, as he walked swiftly away, "and I shall die contented and absolved; and

these are what my relations call prodigal dilapidations of my fortune."

May all those who wallow in ill-acquired wealth render the same atonement to society as Baron Ragelet; and may they be as happy in the selection of their objects!

Dominic verified the prediction of the Baron, and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment in the Palais Royal, and, having brought it to its present state of perfection, sold the property for five hundred thousand francs. He is now a retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honore, and member of the Chamber of Deputies, distinguished chiefly for the simple probity of his character. Neither he nor Rose have ever forgotten or hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to "the man who always ate stale bread."

AUSTRALIAN FORESTS.—In no part of the world did I ever see such absolute midday darkness as occurred in many spots of this forest. Not a ray pierced, nor apparently had pierced the dense shade; and the eye ranged through the melancholy colonnades of tall black stems, and along the roof of gloomy foliage, until it was lost in the night of the woods—midnight, with an Australian sun at its meridian! We were, perhaps, the more struck with its peculiarity because the reverse is the character of the Australian bush; for the foliage of the gum tree is so thin and so pendulous that, when the sun is overhead, one rides almost as though there were no trees. If there be such a thing as a sinubral tree—a Peter Schlemil of the woods—it is the gum tree. It was a singular and pretty sight to see, as we did this day, during one or two momentary bursts of sunshine, large flocks of parrots dart across our path, like a shower of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires glittering for an instant in the watery beam, and vanishing as quickly in the gloom of the wilderness.—*Our Antipodes.*

ARSENIC IN PIPES.—An American gentleman, living in Paris, had lately been in the habit of consuming largely the cheap white clay pipes, not as a matter of economy, but of fantasy. These pipes, in Paris, are rendered white and smooth by arsenic; and, as arsenic is a very volatile substance, under the influence of heat, the poor, who use these pipes mostly, do not suffer perceptibly, since a day's use drives off all the arsenic, and they are not frequently renewed. But the gentleman renewed his pipes every day, and about the time that he had absorbed all the poisonous material of one pipe he

took up another; thus he had literally filled his system with the poison, and would have lost his life but for the assistance of his medical adviser.

MESSRS. SOTHEY AND WILKINSON have sold the collection of autograph letters formed by the late Mr. Croker. The amount produced was £1215. There were 2000 letters written by or to Nelson. One portion of these, the correspondence (private and official) principally of naval and military men and statesmen, and Nelson's letters in reply, and his sea journals, sold for £380. Love-letters to Lady Hamilton produced from £1 to £16 each.

HARDNESS OF CHARACTER.—Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others: it does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humor and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart.—*Sidney Smith.*

PERFUMES.—Drop twelve drops of oil of rhodium on a lump of loaf-sugar; grind this well in a glass mortar, and mix thoroughly with three pounds of orris-root. A fine violet perfume will thus be obtained. By increasing the quantity of rhodium, you will obtain a rose perfume.

From Household Words.
EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

So much has been said of the great earthquake which occurred in the kingdom of Naples in the month of December, 1856, that the subject may appear almost to have been exhausted. An unexpected freshness, however, has been communicated to it by the narrative of an English gentleman, who, impelled solely by motives of benevolence, visited the afflicted districts, and lived and labored amongst the poor inhabitants for more than ten weeks. The details which he gives are of such an interesting and extraordinary character, afford so much insight into the actual civilization of localities he visited, as well as into the system of government pursued here, that I shall not make any apology for giving them as I heard them from his own mouth.

On Mr. Major's applying to Monsieur Bianchini, the Minister of the Interior, he found him rather put out by the indisposition which the English had manifested to entrust their contributions to the government for distribution. Without, however, prohibiting him from visiting the scene of the disaster, the minister would do nothing more than promise that no obstacle should be thrown in his way. General Winspear, who is at the head of gendarmerie, gave him an especial order to be accompanied by gendarmes wherever he went; and, with such guarantees, he left Naples on the thirtieth of January, about six weeks after the earthquake occurred.

From this time I shall conduct the narrative as though Mr. Major were speaking, and as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"My first resting-place was Salerno, where I visited the Intendente, Mr. Ajossa, who received me with great kindness and attention, giving me letters of recommendation to the Sottintendente, and a circular letter to all the gendarmes, which enjoined them to assist me; and, moreover, sending one officer to accompany me during the whole time of my journey.

"A lovely and a well-constructed road leads to Auletta, where the ruin occasioned by the earthquake is first apparent. A great quantity of planks had been put together for churches, barracks, and public offices. So also was it in Polla; where a handsome barrack had been erected for the Sottintendente, of expensive deals, and had been lined with blankets. It consisted of a saloon, ante-chamber, sleeping apartments, and all the other conveniences belonging to tranquil life. At Sala, too, he had another temporary house built of Petersburg timber. The judge and all the principal people were similarly accommodated; but, for the poor, only a few bar-

racks had been put up. Indeed, wherever I went the same feature was perceptible; the authorities took good care of themselves; and it was obvious that they endeavored to prevent the people from having access to me. I had means of making the inquiry, however; and ascertained that scarcely any thing had been done for them. The government had sent a few blankets, articles of clothing, and deals, but they were insufficient, and had been used principally for the churches and authorities.

"On my return in the month of March I found that the temporary church in Polla had been covered with zinc. Convinced that I could do but little for humanity in the province of Salerno, where, what had been done was by the road-side for the sake of show, in case any of the princes came down, I hurried on to Basilicata, where I arrived on the thirty-first of January in Padula. The earthquake had not committed so much injury here as in other places, but little had been done to repair it, for it was not on the high road. There was a fine old monastery here, which had been broken all to pieces. The Syndic of Padula received me well, and, leaving him with sixty ducats for the relief of poor, I went on the next morning to Saponara.

"There was no road to this place, and my route lay over the mountains, a heavy snow falling all the time. In some parts the earth was cracked with deep fissures. Saponara I found had been nearly destroyed. On the side of the hill had stood a nunnery, which was now in ruins; the very foundations had been thrown up; of a large church not an atom was left; beds for apartments below in another story with men and children in them, had been thrown into the rooms of nuns; two such instances I observed in Saponara. Dr. Mallett explained the phenomenon by saying, that it must have happened in consequence of a change in the position of the upper and lower beams of the two stories; but, I still hold that it was produced by the immediate and violent action of the earthquake, and Humboldt records similar facts as having taken place in Quito. What was to be done? I asked. Barracks for the poor people were wanted, I was told, and that evening I set to work. The population had fled to a monastery, the walls of which had been thrown down. Some portions, however, remained; and, inside, some huts had been thrown up of board and straw, and covered over with clothes, but the wind and the rain beat fearfully into them. The authorities had had some made expressly for themselves. The government officials, too, had erected some of sticks, lightly covered over with linen; they looked just like umbrellas, but

no one would go into them. My first dispute here was with the monks, who would not allow me to erect barracks within the precincts of the ruined monastery, as females, misled, might possibly take refuge there. The vicar-general and the priests, too, urged that it would amount to a violation of the cloister, and would be a mortal sin. 'It has already been broken,' I insisted, 'for some huts have already been erected here.' 'Absolution must be obtained for those who have already got in,' was the answer; 'but, were others now to obtain admission, absolution could not be procured for them.' I then asked, ironically: 'if it were really true that it would be a mortal sin to break the cloister thus?' On which a young priest undertook to prove that it would be a tremendous sin; and I simply observed, that the earthquake had first broken the cloister, and had occasioned all the ruin. It was of no use, however, to argue. I built my barracks outside the monastery, and the wind swept away the government umbrellas.

"I remained in this place ten or twelve days, feeding all who came daily, with kettles of macaroni or beans; and, on one occasion, I purchased and cooked a pig, and distributed it. No one who applied was sent away without food, and the cost of all this did not exceed thirty-six ducats. Besides this I housed twenty-two families in temporary barracks, so built as to admit of their taking their looms with them. The cost of this amounted to two hundred and fifty-six ducats, seventy grains.

"This will be the proper place to speak of a misunderstanding which I had with the bishop, on pecuniary matters. At Salerno I had been cautioned not to place money in the hands of the priests. 'They will put it in their pockets,' I was told. The administrators of charity collected amongst the great body of the English, had, however, placed fourteen hundred and fifty ducats in the hands of the bishop, who, on the twenty-fifth of January, had assured them that a thousand ducats had already been distributed, and that the remaining four hundred and fifty ducats would be so directly. On the first of February, I arrived at Saponara, and found the bishop's vicar-general distributing the money in the name of the bishop. From him I ascertained that it was a portion of the thousand ducats which it had been asserted on the twenty-fifth of January, had already been distributed; and his orders were, to give a hundred ducats to a hundred families. As soon as the people learnt that the money had been given by the English, and not by the bishop, they flocked round us, showing their paper packets containing, not ten, but eight, or even six carlini; his rever-

ence having mulcted the people to the tune of ten or twenty per cent. The vicar-general then ordered the people to be driven away; but, as several gendarmes were under my control, I could prevent this. My next step was to write to the bishop, and ask for the second sum of one hundred ducats which had been intended for Saponara. His excellency sent it with much confusion, and added, in a postscript, that his vicar might distribute a hundred ducats in Viggiuno, and two hundred ducats more in another place. Accordingly, I sent a trusty messenger, but he returned empty-handed,—in fact, the bishop endeavored to keep back three hundred ducats, and it took me two months to get it out of his hands; but I informed him that, until I had done so, I should not leave the province. The bishop then wrote to the archpriest, to get an assurance that ten carlini had been given to each person, and many signed it; but the archpriest himself told me that only eight carlini had been distributed to each person; at the same time I had a paper drawn up by the notary, declaring that the people had been robbed, and this paper was signed by many respectable persons.

"During my stay at Saponara, I went one day to a small town called Sarcone, the history of which possesses great classical interest, and I shall speak of it when I have given a report of my visit. My object was; to distribute money, but so offended were the authorities at my undertaking to do it myself that, after the Syndic had given me a list of names, they left me unprotected, and told me that I might go into the church and give the charity there. Of course the whole population followed me, and I found myself in the midst of them without gendarmes, and abandoned by the leading people; indeed, I may tell you, that with one or two exceptions I was very ill received, and much neglected by all the civil local authorities. A huge fat priest met me in the church, and attempted to dissuade me from taking the list which the Syndic gave me; but, on running it over, I found that the names were principally those of women, and one of his flock shouted out, 'Don't take his list, he will give you fifty such,' winding up with observations apropos to such insinuations.

"I had distributed fifty ducats, according to the best of my judgment, and had placed twenty piastres on the ground at my side, when, all of a sudden, my fat, clerical friend had got on my shoulders, and was making a long arm to get at my money. The people, too, like hungry dogs, were all crowding upon me, had pulled off my cravat in their greedy anxiety to get something, and had torn the buttons out of my shirt. A man in the crowd called out, 'You are in danger.'

I directly made a snatch at my money, jerked the priest off my shoulders,—for you see I am a strong man,—and made a rush for it, knocking down forty or fifty people in my way. On getting out of the church I drew a six-barrel-revolver, and called out, ‘keep off, or I will fire,’ and in this way made myself master of the position.

“Hearing of some noble ladies who were reduced to great distress by the earthquake, I got a man to accompany me to their ruined dwelling, a vast crowd of poor, of all grades, following. On arriving, I found an elderly and a younger lady almost without clothes. The latter was one of the most beautiful persons I ever met with, and it went to my heart to see two well-born and well-educated ladies thus seated, almost amidst the falling walls of their house, and willing to accept the relief which I offered them. I could not help reflecting, as I left Sarcone, what the Roman Catholic religion had done for its inhabitants during fifteen centuries, and I told them ‘You are fierce animals; you are not Christians.’

“I alluded above to the classical interest which surrounds Sarcone, for two thousand years ago it belonged to the old city of Grumentum, of which various authors, as Pliny and Livy, speak. The latter, in book twenty-seven, chapter forty-seven:—‘Not to meet the Romans in the Bruzz, Hannibal passed into Lucania, and particularly to Grumentum, hoping to recover some cities which had passed to the Romans. The Consul Claudius Nero, following him, besieged him. Hannibal had encamped under the walls of Grumentum; the army of the Romans, about five hundred passus distant from the Carthaginians. * * * The Carthaginians began to fly, and being followed, left eight thousand dead on the field, seven hundred prisoners, nine standards, four elephants killed and two taken!’ A great variety of articles belonging to both armies had been found in this neighborhood, and the Notary of Saponara speaks amongst other things, of an elephant’s tooth having been turned up. Whether the people have made any advance since the day when they routed Hannibal may well be doubted, for they are in a half savage state, despite the light of what is by courtesy called Christianity, and of the exertions of an all-powerful priesthood. A specimen of that body I have given you, and I might repeat his likeness over and over again.

“From Sarcone, I returned to Saponara; and before leaving this place, I must mention two or three of the distressing cases. The judge had been buried under the stones of his house, with his wife and child, but he managed to make his voice heard, and one of his people procured assistance, and endeav-

ored to dig him out. His body had been cleared as far as his middle, when his young wife was found lying across his knees. As soon as the rubbish had been cleared, the poor judge took her in his arms, but she was already dead. Unlike an Italian, his manner was utterly undemonstrative—he seemed to be crushed; looking at her, he only said: ‘Eleonora, cara, tu sei morta!’ and a groan escaped him. His child, too, was killed. When I saw him, perhaps about a month after, he had never spoken of the event to any one, nor had he ever smiled. He did all the duties of his office, however, punctually, and took my part manfully against the monks. I took his hand and expressed my deep sympathy with him, but he answered not a word—he only returned my pressure. The Notary of the same place took me into a corner of his hut, and related his own story. It was as follows: He had been a man of considerable property, living in a good house, one part of which was occupied by himself and his second wife, and another part by two daughters by the first wife, who were much attached to him. When the first shock of earthquake came he was asleep in bed, and waking up he called to his wife. They had heard no previous sound. Then came a second shock, and all came down. ‘We fell close to a door which opened into the street,’ he said, ‘and it happened to be open. I could have got out, but my wife held me back, and thus both were saved under the arch of the door. The noise of the falling of the house was that of a tremendous crash, like the rushing of a cataract, and this was followed by the stillness of death. The street itself was obscured by a cloud of dust. I called for my daughters,’ he continued, ‘but there was no answer. I scrambled towards their part of the house, but every thing was buried, and when they were found, they were seated in their chairs, for they had not yet gone to bed. I thought the day of judgment had come. In a half dreaming, half waking state, but utterly confused, I called again and again for my children, and then I listened for the crowing of a cock, as if to mark the time, but during that night no cock crowed!’

“In Saponara alone two thousand persons had been buried.

“Thence, resumes Mr. Major, I went on to Montemurro, where six thousand persons had been buried, and a melancholy sight it presented, indeed. There was nothing left. The stench from the dead bodies was almost insufferable, for they had been but slightly covered, so that the pigs dug them out and ate them. I saw one devouring the leg of a man.

“Some soldiers had been sent down by the government; but they gave themselves up to plunder and drinking. They broke into the

cellars of Montemurro, drank the wine, and then they and the poor plundered right and left. One man, who appeared to be walking with me, was arrested for stealing four thousand ducats. One of the great sufferers in Montemurro was Baron —. His house had fallen, and he had been buried in the ruins, and his right leg rendered useless. The first shock had buried him up to his shoulders, but two beams above had kept the house from falling upon him. He heard the voice of his daughter up-stairs, lamenting and calling out for him, but he answered, that he could not move! 'The second and the third shock came,' he told me, 'and threw the beams upon my head, crushing me to the ground. An opening was, however, left before my mouth, just sufficient to allow me to breathe, and speak to my daughter. The next shock closed up even this aperture. Not a limb could I move, and the only member of my body that I could use was my tongue. With this I worked at the ground, and blew the dust away, until I managed to re-open the communication with my child. For three hours I heard her dying voice, and finally her very last tones.' The Baron was got out safely, and so was his wife; but the daughter and two sons were killed.

"In this place I distributed one hundred and forty-five ducats, and left ninety-six ducats behind me. By my orders, some agricultural instruments, too, were made at Spinosa, which I distributed, as also some working materials for shoemakers. I was, however, deceived by a genteel-looking woman coming to me one evening, and crying and asking for assistance. I gave her ten piastres; but afterwards heard that she had five thousand or six thousand ducats in her possession. On hearing this statement I went and asked her for what I had given her, and she restored it. So few people had been spared by the earthquake in the mountains that it was useless to attempt building, and I advised the authorities to get the people away. They were occupied, however, in erecting a great wooden church, and in digging for an old wooden Madonna, which, on its being found, was carried in procession, and stuck up in their church.

"The next place I visited was Viggiano; which, like all the others named, may be found on a good map of Italy. One thousand people have been destroyed here, but as a considerable population still remained and all their houses were broken, I saw the necessity of building huts. For this purpose, I rented a piece of ground for two years, at eighteen ducats a year; built over a part of it; and accommodated twenty-eight families. Here I remained a month, three weeks of which I spent in my barrack, ill with fever,

and keeping the money under my pillow. For eight or nine days I ate no food, and was in a barbarous country, without any one to assist me: but my good constitution helped me through. Whilst staying in Viggiano, I sent some people to inquire into the state of Spinosa, and two hundred persons came over to me, and received relief. I sent money also to Mariscornovo, and to Brienza; but as the authorities would not put their names to the list of those who were to receive it, the money was brought back again to me. In Tranutola, I distributed three hundred and forty-four ducats to the poor. In Viggiano, I distributed six hundred and twelve ducats, whilst the whole cost of housing twenty eight or thirty families was not more than five hundred and sixty ducats, or one hundred pounds. During this time, too, I never ceased to feed the people, and on one day I fed not less than five thousand persons, and thousands on every day that I remained. The cost of feeding them did not exceed one hundred and thirty-two ducats. On leaving Naples, I brought with me five thousand one hundred and forty-nine ducats, and I took back one thousand nine hundred and ten ducats. Small sums I had, however, lent to some reduced persons, at five per cent. interest, for there were some offering it at twenty or thirty per cent. To the people, I stated that I was ready to take as many orphans as they would bring me, and receive them into my silk factory, in Sant Torio, near Portici. Twenty were offered to me. It is my intention to go back to this part of the country in a few months, and build some model houses of stones, with vaulted roofs. One room and one kitchen, I calculate, could be built for one hundred ducats, or eighteen pounds.

"Viggiano has a special interest of its own, as being a city of Troubadours. From the middle ages, the inhabitants had wandered over Asia and Europe, with their harps and violins, and after the lapse of many years they come back with their thousands sometimes, and build or add to the family house. Every generation adds something; thus, in the very architecture of the place there was a quaintness. As many, too many are abroad, the population is of a varied character; and I found here men with wives from Spain and Germany, England and New York. Poor fellows! they had lost everything. Their dwellings on the top of a mountain had been all thrown over. I bought a harp for one, and shall assist others in like manner. When Grumento was destroyed by the Saracens, the inhabitants fled to the tops of the mountains, and there erected Saponara, Montemurro, and Veggiano.

"It was whilst I was in this latter place

that I was visited by the Intendente of Basilicata, a gentleman who distinguished himself by his activity, benevolence, and good sense, during these trying times. He came to my barrack, accompanied by all the authorities of the district. I offered him a chair, but not the others, who had abused and neglected me. He threw down his cap on my bed, and, looking round my hut, exclaimed, 'Bravo, Signore Major!' Then turning to the authorities, he said, 'You have taken good care of yourselves; but little of the poor.' Many of the poor presented petitions to him, which he presented to me, at the same time telling the people, 'You have a gentleman here who knows what is best for you.' 'At Saponara,' he said to the authorities, when speaking of me, 'we had not such a man to show amongst us.' This must have been a great rebuff to them; for they had recommended the population not to take any thing of me, or they would be put in prison. This may sound like self-laudation, but these incidents belong to the case.

"After having fulfilled my mission amongst those people, I prepared to leave; and, to their honor be it said, when I bade them adieu, they manifested the greatest gratitude, and shed tears.

"It remains for me to make some observations which I could not well insert in my narrative; but which will, perhaps, be of interest to the reader. The agricultural state of that part of the country, where I spent most of my time, was very bad and primitive. There were no olive nor fruit trees, but a good deal of grain was grown, and is exported from the province of Basilicata. A day field-laborer will earn in these parts a carlino (or fourpence) a-day, and this is not always in money, but in kind. For myself, I paid all who worked at making huts, two carlini a-day. With the exception of the great road which runs through to Calakia, and on to Tarentum, there are no roads, and every thing is transported on mules. Thus, from Saponara to Portenza, a distance of, perhaps, thirty or forty miles, it will take four days to make the journey by the same means. Provisions are, consequently, cheap; for there is no market for selling the produce. I observed a very marked difference between the character of those who lived in these parts of the country, which were traversed by roads, and that of the population of those districts which were less favored. Nowhere, however, were they contented with their government; and, in many parts they were greatly discontented. If I were to describe the state of the popula-

tion, I should say, that they are in a state of semi-barbarism; perhaps very similar to that of the English several centuries ago. Nor do I observe anything in the ecclesiastical or civil administration of the country at all likely to elevate them. As for the religion, it is a modified form of paganism: the worship of Venus under the figure of the Madonna. There is a large statue to her honor which remains on a high hill near Viggiano for a great part of the year; and, in the month of September it is visited by fifty thousand people. The masses are as superstitious and as ignorant as they can be, though now and then, perhaps, persons may be found who read more than men of the same class do in Naples; but, it is a reading necessarily confined to the past, and has nothing to do with current or modern literature.

"As for priests in these districts, I do them no injustice in calling them debased and ignorant; I abstain from a number of odious anecdotes which would prove it. On the lists presented to me, I observed attached to the names of many, Progetti and Muli; and, the interpretation given to me was, that they were the priest's children. The community contributed to the support of the children until they were twelve years of age, when they were turned on the streets, unless a nurse became so attached to them, as to adopt them. Several such children were brought to me, not knowing themselves by any other name than that of Muli. I spoke to a priest about it, much regretting the state of things, and his sole observation was, that he thought it a very good arrangement, as the children would be otherwise destroyed at their birth; but at present their souls were saved by baptism.

"Of the officials with whom I met, I can speak in no other terms than as swarms of hungry thieves who rob the inhabitants: whether they be clerical or civil officers, my description is still the same; and, during the whole of my sojourn amongst them I met with only two priests who even spoke like honest men. It is only just, however, to add, that amongst the civilians I found several authorities who were willing to face the Jewish underlings. In an especial manner I must speak of the Intendente of Salerno and of the Basilicata, who fully impressed me with the idea of their being honest and able men.

"With regard to myself, a daily report of my movements was made to the police: for this country is not so tranquil and prosperous that a man can be suffered to wander freely about with a bag of money at his free disposal.

It is very possible that the gendarmes who accompanied me, were sent as much to watch me as to protect me, though they served me well. In fact, except to the local and humbler authorities, my best thanks are due for the facilities accorded to me in my work of charity.

"Different statements of the numbers who perished by the earthquake have been given. I believe the following to be correct. In the very centre of the disaster there perished at

Montemurro six thousand; in Saponara two thousand; in Viggiano one thousand; and perhaps a thousand more in scattered villages in the same neighborhood. If to these be added ten thousand more, we certainly shall be within the mark."

Here for the present, ends the interesting report of Mr. Major. Let his exertions be a lesson to each and all, as to what ONE man can do, and let every man properly estimate his power and his duties.

LONDON WATER.—Dr. Lankester, treating of the nature and extent of the contaminations of water used for the purposes of drinking in London and its neighborhood, says that water forms, on an average, four-fifths of the bulk of animals and plants. By it, the solid, organizing parts of animals and plants are carried into the system, and through the agency of water the principal functions of animals and plants are carried on. The great source of water for organic life is the ocean, which, being carried into the atmosphere, is condensed, and falls on the earth in the form of snow, rain, and dews. Collecting on the earth, it forms rivers and springs, from whence man draws his supplies for drinking purposes. All waters contain, more or less, two sets of constituents—inorganic and organic. The principal inorganic substances found in the drinking waters of London are—

1. *Carbonate of Lime, or Chalk.*—This renders the water hard, and is held in solution by carbonic acid. It could be removed by the addition of lime—a process invented by Dr. Clark, and carried on most successfully on a large scale at Plumstead. This process not only softens the water, but carries down the organic matters.

2. *Sulphate of Lime.*—This salt is decomposed by organic matters, and gives off sulphuretted hydrogen. It is a frequent cause of the impurity of London waters.

3. *Chloride of Sodium* (common salt).—This exists in small quantities in the Thames, but in large quantities in the deep and surface wells. In the surface wells it is the result of the *debris*, and the refuse of houses.

4. *Ammonia.*—This is found in the Thames and the surface wells of London. It occurs as the result of the decomposition of animal matter. The surface wells in London are from ten to thirty feet in depth, and penetrate only the gravellily above the clay; thus receiving all the percolated filth of the metropolis.

5. *Nitrates.*—These salts are the result of the oxidation of ammonia, and are found in large quantities in some surface wells.

The organic matters are both dead and living. They are better discovered by the microscope

than by chemical reagents. When fresh and living, they are not injurious; but when in a decomposing condition they produce disease. Water charged with organic impurities produces disease. Waters charged with organic matter had been shown by Noad and Medlock to act on lead, and to introduce this poison into the system. Dr. Medlock believed that all lead was taken up in water by the formation of soluble nitrates of lead. Lead, however, dissolved in carefully-melted ice-water, which contained no organic impurity, although it is not dissolved in water carefully redistilled in contact with caustic potash. The living organisms of water are both plants and animals. Some live amongst decomposing animal and vegetable matters. These are present both in the Thames and surface-well waters. The eggs of higher forms of animals—some of which are inhabitants of the human body—are present in those waters. Iron, in contact with water, according to Dr. Medlock's experiments, is a great purifier of water. The following are his conclusions:—

1. Uncontaminated water is necessary for the health of man.

2. Impure waters have been known to produce extensive disease.

3. The Thames water, as now supplied, is improved; but is still impure, from the refuse of towns passing into it, and requires filtering, or, what is better, boiling and filtering before it is used.

4. The surface well waters of London are altogether objectionable, as they give evidence of impurity in containing—1. Carbonic acid in large quantities; 2. Chloride of sodium; 3. Ammonia; 4. Nitrates; 5. Living and dead organic matter.

5. Artesian or deep well waters are generally free from organic matters.

6. The chalk in the neighborhood of London contains less saline matter than the deep wells directly under London.

7. Storing waters in lead cisterns is objectionable, as all natural waters are found occasionally to act on lead.—*London Journal.*

COUSIN ROBERT.

O Cousin Robert, far away
Among the lands of gold,
How many years since we two met?
You would not like it told.

O Cousin Robert, buried deep
Amid your bags of gold,
I dreamt of you but yesternight,
Just as you were of old.

You own whole leagues—I, half a rood
Behind my quiet door:
You have your laces of gold rupees,
And I my children four.

Your tall barques dot the dangerous seas,
My "ship's come home"—to rest
Safe anchored from the storms of life
Upon one faithful breast.

And it would cause nor start, nor sigh,
Nor thought of doubt or blame,
If I should teach our little son,
Our Cousin Robert's name.

That name—however wide it rings,
I oft think, when alone,
I rather would have seen it graved
Upon a church-yard stone—

Upon the white sunshiny stone
Where Cousin Alick lies;
Ah, sometimes, woe to him that lives!
And blessed he that dies!

O Cousin Robert, hot, hot tears,
Though not the tears of old,
Drop, thinking of your face last night,
Your hand's pathetic fold:

A young man's face—so like, so like
Our mothers' faces fair;
A young man's hand, so firm to hold,
So resolute to dare.

I thought you good—I wished you great;
You were my hope, my pride:
To know you good, to make you great,
I once had happy died;

To tear the plague-spot from that heart,
Place honor on that brow,
See old age come in crowned peace,
I almost would die now;

Would give—all that's now mine to give,
To have you sitting there,
The Cousin Robert of my youth—
A beggar with gray hair.

O Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere grown old:
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold.

Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth braves;
Better to mourn—God's children dear,
Than laugh—the devil's slaves.

O Robert, Robert, life is sweet,
And love is countless gain,

Yet if I think of you, my heart
Is stabbed with sudden pain:

And as in peace this holy eve
I close our Christmas-doors,
And kiss good-night o'er sleeping heads—
Such bonny curls! like yours—

I fall upon my bended knees
With sobs that choke each word—
"On those who err and are deceived
Have mercy, O good LORD!"

—Chambers's Journal.

BONNETS.

Of all the charms dear woman wears,
Of all her many traps and snares,
For real effect there's naught compares
With a truly pretty bonnet;
For when or wherever you chance to meet
One that is perfectly modest and neat,
You may depend 'tis proof complete
That the head has more in than on it.

No matter whether she's pretty or not,
How much or how little money she's got,
Whether she live in a mansion or cot,
'Tis a fact, depend upon it;
The woman to make a man happy thro' life,
To make a model mother and wife,
Is one who, scorning the milliner strife,
Wears a plain and tasteful bonnet.

Now a bonnet of genuine beauty and grace,
Worn on the head in its proper place,
Shadowing faintly the wearer's face,
"Is a thing for a song or a sonnet;"
But one of those gay and gaudy things,
Made up of rainbows and butterfly wings,
A mixture of flowers, ribbons, and strings,
Is dreadful, depend upon it.

A vulgar mass of "fuss and feather,"
A little of every thing thrown together,
As if by a touch of windy weather,
A wretched conglomeration—
A sort of cup to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to "go it bare,"
A striking example of "Nothing to Wear,"
Is this bonnet abomination.

It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in *catching* nothing but cold,
Is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck;
For look at her face, no bonnet is there—
See at the side it hangs by a hair;
View it behind, and you will declare
That the creature has broken her neck.

No matter where you may chance to be,
No matter how many women you see,
A promiscuous crowd or a certain she,
You may fully depend upon it
That a gem of the very rarest kind,
A thing most difficult to find,
A pet for which we long have pined,
Is a perfect "love of a bonnet."

CHAPTER XX.—VERIFYING THE OLD ADAGE ABOUT "LISTENERS."

"All false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long."—CICERO.

"And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve and teare

Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great
stake."—SPENSER.

"PRAY, Mrs. Beckford," said Mrs. Wyndham one morning, when she and Margaret were making a morning call at Beckford Hall, "how does your honeycomb couvrette progress?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. Wyndham, I can scarcely tell you whether it is going on well or not, for I scarcely know myself; I am very much disturbed in my mind about it."

"How so?"

"Why, if you look at it, you will see I have only about one row of the fringe to do; but I had not enough of Strutt's cotton to finish it with, so I wrote to a shop in Liverpool where they sell it, to have some sent by return of post; and though I told them in my note I had three sides done, and only waited for the cotton to finish the fourth, I have not received it yet. They are really very dilatory in some of those shops."

"How many days have elapsed since you wrote?" said Mrs. Wyndham.

"Two or three, I think, but my brother Wilmot reckoned I should have it by this day's post; and though I was seated at my work-table with scissors and crochet-needle ready to begin, it did not come. Augusta, do you know what day it was I wrote for the Strutt's cotton?"

"No, mamma; I am perfectly sure I know nothing in the world about it."

"Indeed, Mrs. Wyndham, Augusta never remembers any thing I want. Let me see; it was the day the men were rolling the avenue; was that Wednesday? Oh! it couldn't have been Wednesday, now I recollect, for it was Wednesday the house smelled so badly of hot vinegar, with all the pickles the cook had been making. It may be that it was Tuesday; but no, that was the day the kitten fell out of the loft. Indeed, I could not say with any correctness;" and Mrs.

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Beckford folded up her work, looking the image of despair.

"I would advise you," said Mrs. Wyndham, "to begin something else that would be amusing, to beguile the interval until you receive it."

"I am sure you are right; that is precisely what Mr. Beckford said; only there was a slight difference, for he advised me to come down to the dairy and see three new patent churns at work. He and my brother were experimenting with them, and they wished for my opinion before they fixed on one to be kept. Indeed, I thought them all very funny."

"One thing in patent inventions," said Mrs. Wyndham, "they have at least the recommendation of novelty."

"Indeed, yes, Mrs. Wyndham; and I chose a very nice one, that can be worked entirely with one foot, which would be very pleasant for the dairymaid, in case she had any taste for doing fancy-work. I remember a nurse the children had when they were very young, who used to read to them on Sundays out of a very religious, gilt-leaved book called 'The Dairymaid's Daughter,' who, of course, was a dairymaid; and she used to read her Bible when she had any time, and used to repeat hymns at some time or other, either when milking, or churning, or doing something of that kind; and I remember what a good servant she was too, and wore such coarse stuff-gowns. And as our present dairymaid has some conscientious scruples about attending family prayers here, I thought this would be a good opportunity for her to improve herself; and I intended to buy a new 'Tent and Altar,' and give her the old one, which is, to be sure, a little worn. Besides, Julia does not like it; she says she knows all the prayers off by heart; and that, besides, it is very 'low' indeed, though, for my part, I never saw anything very vulgar in it. But I suppose it is best to give it to the woman, and get rid of it, for, since Augusta came from London, she won't come down to prayers, because, she says, our manual is not the one used by any of the 'high churches' in London—only by some very low people. But it was a great pity Mr. Beckford would not take the churn; he said my plan would not do at all. It is very odd, people always say that when I propose a new plan, at least the girls do."

"Were the results of the experiments satisfactory?"

"Indeed I forget; only I know there was a great deal of the milk came out of one afterwards—the buttermilk you understand; which of course is a good thing for people who feed pigs, though, to be sure, they have a very unpleasant smell, and I think the people must find it very nasty going so close to them as they are obliged to do, to get the food pushed in. Would you like to see the churns, Mrs. Wyndham? I think they are there still, if you do not mind the floor being a very ugly kind of redstone."

Off went the two mothers, leaving the two daughters to entertain each other as best they could. So Augusta ran quickly over in her mind her plan of action, which was much thus: "How stupidly vulgar of mamma to take this woman down stairs. Of course she will copy every single thing she sees in a sort of second-hand way, and the next time we call on her, she will ask mamma, would she like to see the linen-press, or the china closet, or something of that sort. I won't go, for one, or, if I do, it will be to put them down, and teach them what *their* proper sphere in society is. But in the meantime, I will show this girl something a little more refined, for it would never do to have her going over the country, and boasting (as of course she will be glad to do) of what she saw in *our* house. Really, the milk-and-butter story will tell well at Clare Abbey, or worse still at the Ducketts'; so now for it."

"Are you fond of flowers, Miss Wyndham? My sister and I are, I may say, passionately so; and as our tastes are not in unison with mamma's and papa's extremely uneducated ones, our principal hobby is a conservatory. The gardener takes very good care of it, so we have not much trouble. Would you have any wish to see it?"

"Thank you."

Augusta rose, and led the way into a smaller drawing-room attached, and through a glass-door into a very pretty, tasteful greenhouse, saying, as she went, "I do not know whether you agree with me, that the march of intellect in the present day has brought the minds of the rising generation to a point of cultivation our parents certainly know nothing about. Travelling is facilitated; foreign revolutions have thrown foreign courts open to English society; everything has tended to enlarge the

ideas of people, and give young persons an advantage over their elders. The only disadvantage I see is, that the rural districts are quite behind the metropolitan, and an educated lady finds herself rather isolated—my sister and I do at present; but, in time, I hope, civilization will penetrate the crowd around us, and put minds more on an equality. Fancy how one could astonish some of the young people in Queen Elizabeth's time, if a few could be conjured up for the purpose!"

"Yes, and a few of the parents too, if you had them," said Margaret, much amused at Augusta's very filial remarks. "What a splendid fuschia fulgis!"

"Yes, I am told it is," said that young lady, as she swept round, not at all in the style of Alfred and Dorinda in Bewick's "Children's Friend," but at the imminent risk of destruction to some tall plants, which had been set on the floor to gain the advantage of a little more height for their tapering stems. Now, thought she, I will say something to suit her comprehension a little better; and then I think she has seen enough—she may come out again. "See," she said, "that stove is the same as you see in the church every Sunday."

Margaret looked at the stove as directed, and said, "The church is extremely cold in winter. One feels for the poor who are so ill clad; it must be worse to them than to us, for I dare say the majority have but poor fires at home to go to, when they leave church."

"Well, I must say," said Augusta, "My sympathies are not of so low an order as yours. One has really enough to do to keep one's self warm, without planning for the warmth of the whole parish; the lowest order in it, at least. Charity, you know, begins at home, and I think it is a very hard case—when we always have the carriage to go to church in, we are obliged to muffle just as much as those who go on foot, because the church is at an awful temperature; and there one must sit, literally choking with sable and ermine, because Dr. Price says it is very unwholesome to have a crowded building so heated. It ought, at least, to be at the same degree as our own drawing-rooms are—there would be some comfort in that. I spoke to Dr. Wyndham about it the other day, but he refuses to make any change. Last winter, Julia and I made the footman for two or three Sundays bring our *bassinoires à pieds* out of the car-

riage up the aisle after us, and put them under our feet, just to put the Coopers to shame; but the first time Uncle Wilmot saw them, he told papa, who happened not to have been in church since we began it, and he was dreadfully angry, and stopped it. Then we wanted to have a stove put up in our pew; but papa would not hear of that either, nor a fireplace."

"Has not Mr. Herbert's pew a fire-place?"

"Yes; but that does us no good. I assure you, Miss Wyndham, I can never look at him in his pew with any patience; it is a case of casting pearls, for he never once touches the fire-irons from the beginning to the end of the service. He might as well be without one. Now, if I had a fire, I would keep stirring and poking at intervals, just to remind the congregation I was so much better off than they were. Of course, the third part would be dying of envy. It would be most delightful. Oh! I would give worlds for a fireplace in my pew."

"It is well," thought Margaret, "that your father is a little conversant with your tastes, or a pretty devotional service we should have of it;" but, as she made no remark, Augusta went on.

"But I can assure you that is not all Mr. Herbert's eccentricities about his pew. In former times, there was a nice side-door for the Herbert family to go in and out of *ad libitum*, which, you know, is quite *comme il faut*. But not very far from their pew, and just in a line with the door, were the seats occupied by some old alms-women; and Mr. Herbert observed that one or two of the seats on the end of each row were always left vacant, and that those who came late, would rather sit on the steps leading to the transept, than occupy one of the vacant places. This awakened the gentleman's curiosity; and one Sunday he put the question to the sexton, who informed him that there was such a draught on those who sat there, coming from his door, that no threats or inducements would tempt any one of the old witches to take them. Now," she said, "can you guess, what this supremely wise gentleman did? He had the door bricked up before noon the next day from the outside, and a heavy curtain hung behind, to keep all air from penetrating; and when Mr. Cooper remonstrated with him, as did we, he told him that he only regretted not having known of it sooner, and actually provided warm mats for the old women's feet.

I never heard a case of greater folly, for he entailed more expense on the parish—which, indeed, he had no right to do—as not one of those old women has died yet, and most assuredly they would, had he not taken those measures; and of course their allowance would have been saved."

"I think I would have done the same," said Margaret.

"You would have been a fool for your pains, if you had," said Augusta, very sharply. "When we spoke to him, he laughed it off, and said 'he was sure he was amply compensated by the prayers of the old women.'"

"At least, Miss Beckford, you will allow I deserved them," said a merry voice, proceeding from the drawing-room; and both girls started hastily round, to the detriment of more than one plant, almost petrified by the sight of Mr. Herbert sitting quite close to the conservatory-door—his arms resting on a small table, and his whole frame convulsed with laughter, at the sight of the dismay he had caused.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Beckford, for such a dreadful thing as eavesdropping; but I assure you the most part was involuntary. Seeing you so busily engaged with Miss Wyndham, I purposed sitting here until you were both emerged; as you moved round, your voice was lost, and I only heard the beginning of your remarks on stoves in general, with stray sentences, which I might have taken as referring to mine in particular; and when you came again so near the door that there could be no mistake but that you were speaking of me, I made myself heard as quickly as possible. Now, is my apology accepted? Miss Wyndham, perhaps you would be good enough to put in an appeal for me?"

"It is," said Augusta, with the majestic air of Zenobia, or of an Edith Dombey, or as if she would have expressed herself, "Caitiff! thou art pardoned! but thou shalt not look upon my face FOR EVER!" She then threw herself down with an air of offended dignity on a sofa; and seizing a smelling-bottle from a table near, applied it to her nasal organ, as if with the desire of composing her nerves as gracefully as possible; while Mr. Herbert was endeavoring to show Margaret in a cautious manner how very much amused he was, and she quite as sedulously concealing her knowledge of the fact.

"Of course, as Augusta said afterwards, in

narrating the incident to her sister, the odious girl, that Wyndham, saw him there the entire time, and drew her on to say as much as possible, to have an opportunity for saying she would have done exactly the same thing as he had done. However, she was determined to make her say something she ought not to say before she left the house. This she found far from easy, for Mr. Herbert was in a bantering mood; and Margaret, thinking it the best course to pursue, after such a *malà-propos* adventure, joined him; so Augusta, rather than be left behind in the conversation, was obliged to join in.

"Now, Miss Beckford," said he, "let us make an amicable peace; I will propose the terms, if you will try and conform to them. You like a fire in church—we are agreed as to that. And I am, like Mrs. Gummidge, a lone, lorn creature—sitting, in fact, as Jack-and-the-bean-stalk's mother and himself did (of course, you understand I mean Jack's mother, not the bean-stalk's), 'all alone by myself.' I humbly move, that you get Mrs. Beckford's permission to sit in a corner of my pew on cold Sundays, or warm ones, too, if you find it pleases you. I will take care to order a good fire, and you can sit at one side, while I occupy the other."

"But," said Augusta, "I cannot sit beside a fire without frequently poking it, and I believe you don't approve of such a course of proceeding during divine service."

"That only holds good as far as I myself am concerned," he answered; "but when a 'fair ladye' is in the case, of course all matters and opinions are waived in deference to her and hers. I think it would be a capital arrangement for you to keep the fire brisk, which would leave me at liberty to find both our places in our prayer-books. I could desire the sextoness to lay all the fire-irons at your side of the grate."

"Indeed," said Augusta, "we often said, when you were abroad, what a pity it was to see such a house, and grounds, and pew unoccupied; in fact, wasting its sweetness."

"As far as one person can go towards remedying the evil, you will see it done, for I intend spending a good deal of time here for the future."

"Indeed," said Augusta, in a tone of affected pleasure, "I am enchanted to hear it. I hope Mr. Herbert, you will frequently find your

way here; you know we ladies are unable to go and see you, so you must bear that in mind, and come the oftener to see us."

Mr. Herbert bowed, and said he hoped some of his lady-friends would honor him occasionally with their company at dinner. He had brought a good many paintings home; that might be an inducement to those who had a taste for the fine arts.

Augusta was really delighted now. Firstly, at the prospect of company at the Hall; secondly, the compliment to her implied in speaking of the fine arts; and thirdly, that she had every right to consider his invitation as a pointed one, addressed thus to herself, when her parents and sister were not present. There was one drawback; what pleasure is without alloy? His manner and words had, she feared, included the hateful Margaret Wyndham, and she felt how much the delight of the prospect would have been enhanced, had she only had the comfort of thinking these people would be left out. The next moment Augusta started to her feet, and bounced over to the window, in what she considered her most brilliant style.

"Mr. Herbert! pray tell me—oh! I implore you to say—is that most stylish phaeton yours that I see at the door? I am sure it is, from there being so fine a pair of horses in it. What splendid animals! Do you know I am considered quite a judge of horse-flesh? The one nearest us is as nearly perfection as a horse can be. Oh, Miss Wyndham, do please come over and look. What a *unique* turnout! We have nothing like that in this neighborhood. Is it yours, Mr. Herbert? Indeed, who else would have things on such a scale?"

"I came in it," said the owner very dryly.

"Why do you not speak, Miss Wyndham? Mr. Herbert, can you not induce her to give an opinion?"

"It is not worth giving," said Margaret.

"On such a subject!" said Augusta tartly.

"If Miss Wyndham would be good enough," said Mr. Herbert, assuming a solemn tone, "to state what she thinks, I would be much gratified."

"I doubt that," said Margaret to herself. "I must begin by saying, that I have not Miss Beckford's advantage of being a judge of horses; I never know a good one, only a pretty one."

"Well!" said Augusta.

"I do not care very much for those. I mean, they are not exactly such as I would fancy."

"Ah, true, you cannot appreciate. But what of the phaeton; do you know a good carriage when you see it?"

"I knew a pretty one, and I know a new one."

"And that is neither the one nor the other?"

Margaret made neither assent nor dissent, and Augusta poured forth a perfect volley of exclamations at her stupidity and want of taste, until suddenly interrupted by Colonel Wilmot putting his head into the room, and on seeing who was there, coming forward.

"Miss Wyndham, how are you? Mr. Herbert, I could not be convinced it was you who were here, until I came and saw for myself."

"Why, is there any thing so very extraordinary? I have been here before now."

"Yes, but never in such a turn-out as that. I offered to bet ten to one with my brother-in-law against his assertion. Just what we used to call at school 'Noah's wheelbarrow;' and such horses! What has possessed you,

Herbert? I do not know which is the worst, the cattle or the carriage."

"I do not legally possess either," said the gentleman attacked. "My phaeton is gone to be repaired, and the coachmaker sent me this in the meantime. Seeing its quality, I offered Sir Stephen Norris to drive those animals a few days in it; they are young horses he is training; rough enough they look."

As he spoke, he could not resist watching Augusta's face. She was by this time in a rage at herself for having gone so far in her admiration, and wondering if it would be a good tack to pretend she had spoken satirically all the time; but before her mind was made up, Mrs. Beckford and Mrs. Wyndham had returned from their churn expedition, and Mr. Herbert and Colonel Wilmot had both followed the ladies to the door, to assist Mrs. and Miss Wyndham into their carriage; and when they returned, their conversation had taken new channel; so Augusta was either overlooked or quite forgotten in a discussion about some church-rates Colonel Wilmot was interested in.

CHAPTER XXI.—TREATS OF "STEPPING-STONES."

"For my heart was hot and restless,

And my life was full of care,

And the burden laid upon me

Seem'd greater than I could bear."

"There are times in life when the soul, like a half-grown vine, hangs tremulously, stretching out its tendrils for something to ascend by. Such are generally the great transition periods of life, when we are passing from the ideas and conditions of one stage of existence to those of another."—DRED.

"Yet it was remarked to him, not so much for the fact itself, but because of the reminder it brought with it, how much she had influenced his better resolutions. None of us know to whom or to what we are indebted in this wise, until some marked stop in the wheel of life brings the right perception with it. It comes with sorrow: it comes with the loss of the dearly loved; it is one of the frequent uses of adversity."—LITTLE DORRIT.

VARIOUS late occurrences had combined to throw Mr. Herbert and the Wyndhams more together. It is often the case, that the most intimate friends draw off, as it were, for short seasons, till some trivial thing arises to awake all the old familiar intercourse. The decline is from no fault, perceptible at least, on either side; it comes and goes like the four seasons. So it was between the Hall and the Rectory;

but spring was drawing near, and as if in anticipation of the summer days in the pleasant garden, the free intercourse of the former year was revived. Mr. Herbert found himself morning after morning crossing the wooden bridge he had thrown across the river since the winter floods made the stepping-stones impassable, and making his way to the drawing-room, where the ladies of the family sat at work. He came early, before the fashionable hour which the Landeris gentry considered a proper one for making morning calls. This arrangement embraced two advantages:—first, it avoided the sharp remarks on himself and the Wyndhams, his frequent presence there would be sure to draw forth from Miss Jones and her coterie; and secondly, the conversation, be it grave or gay, flowed on without interruptions or intrusions of subjects distasteful to any of the party. How afterwards he thought over the opinions expressed, the ideas given so naturally and freely forth—what Miss Bremer calls "those few earnest words of life that seem to do one good;" and as the winter glided by, Mr. Herbert thought with regret of the summer days coming on,

when their colloquies would be adjourned to the garden, where all who chose came and joined the group.

How many subjects they passed in review! life in all its bearings—home-life, world-life, book-life, and, above all, thought-life. That is a manifold life; it is peculiar to all, but all have not the perception to detect it. It is ever going on in every human breast. In children, it is strange, swift, wonderful, never understood by themselves as children, but dawning gradually as childhood merges into youth; and youth into manhood. With girls it begins earlier, is earlier matured, than in the other sex. A girl of eighteen has, in most cases, the judgment of a man of five-and-twenty. Of course there are exceptions; but they are the minority. I have heard it said that some people never grow up. I do not think that. Every woman will not attain to the same height of mental excellence, but still they do not remain children. The process in all is gradual; some think that sudden exigencies will blow out the blossom of some women's or men's character; that their own under the pressure of unlooked-for circumstances, had in the course of one day, one hour, nay, one five minutes, passed from youth to manhood, and the mind leaped gulfs in two or three beats of a pendulum, I say they are wrong. The ground was ploughed and sown for them without their being aware of it, and only waited some shower to fall and touch the dormant germ, and bring up such new, abundant, wondrous plants, that, in the first surprise their advent causes, you feel shocked at your own ignorance of their properties and uses: you feel as if months must pass before you are familiarized with them. Something of this it was with Mr. Herbert: after several years of stagnant life, he had awakened to see something of life in earnest, with its real duties nobly done; and when some chance allusion to days bygone told of a hard struggle, not for "liberty," as the song has it, but for "life," real daily bread, often he marvelled how those quiet women had borne so well the "battle of life." Life was dealing gently with them now. In green pastures and by still waters their days were spent, and if acting well their part had ever deserved a peaceful lot, it was theirs, and fairly earned now.

One morning, when Mr. Herbert went into the Rectory drawing-room—it was rather

earlier than usual—he found Margaret and her sister very intent on a piece of work, cuttings of which were strewed about in all directions. As Frances stooped to collect the fragments, Mr. Herbert gave laughing assistance, saying, "How very busy you are, Miss Wyndham! What length of time has your superintending fairy allotted you for the performance of that task?"

"A shorter time than I would wish," said the young lady. "How any fairy could expect me to have an entire child's frock finished to-day is more than I can imagine; but she will have it done."

"How very cruel! What do you call your fairy?"

"Good-nature, or benevolence, I do not know which," said Frances.

"You do not consider them the same?"

"Certainly not. It is from good-nature I am helping Margaret, not benevolence, I assure you. I have no sympathy with the object of her compassion."

"Do you take assistance on those terms, Miss Wyndham?"

"When I can get it on no other."

"Hear the tale, if you please, good friend," said Frances. "Margaret takes as protégé a child she considers very intelligent, but which I would call very saucy—"

"Don't mind what you call it; state the mere facts."

"How can I, Margaret, when you interrupt me? Mr. Herbert, the fact is this—the child is idle and saucy—"

"Now, Frances!"

"For this child, about a month ago, we constructed a garment similar to the one you see there in progress—a garment to be worn at church and Sunday-school. Yesterday comes Miss Jane Brown, and announces the startling fact, that her sister has gone out to service, and taken the frock with her, and she hopes Miss Margaret will give her another. Whereupon Miss Margaret, thinking the case a very pitiable one, presses me into the service; and here I am, engaged for the whole day."

"And your spirits are sinking under such cruel oppression. I do not wonder."

"Certainly, if it was not for the satisfaction I have in abusing Jane Brown and her whole family, I could not exist at all. I should have lived in Dr. Johnson's day, I am such a splendid hater."

"On the same gentleman's principle—you require a good listener."

"I do, and Margaret is as patient under it as I could wish."

"Do you like such work as that, Miss Wyndham?"

"I cannot say I do; but, like most lazy people, I like the result of work."

"Only you take a different way of obtaining that result. You work at it, instead of talking at it. You would astonish some lazy people, if they could often see you."

"How?"

"By your indefatigable exertions. You are always busy."

"You mistake, Mr. Herbert, I am often very idle."

"I think not. Some houses I call at, I see young ladies seated in the drawing-room, looking certainly very pretty; but I never see any traces of occupation, except that endless crochet, and what I believe you call '*broderie*,' I know some young ladies who are always busy, yet attractively pretty too."

"But," said Frances, "what would you have these young ladies do, when you take away from them the '*crochet*' and '*broderie*'?"

"I do not know—whatever you do."

"I crochet too, and Margaret does *broderie*."

"But you do not spend your lives at them?"

"No; I would prefer some change of occupation."

"That is what I mean. What sort of minds must such women have? Their monotonous work is a type of them. Why, many of them, with more pretension, have less mind than Mrs. Beckford."

"I do not think Mrs. Beckford such an idealess woman as most people do. She is only accustomed to be spoken sensibly to by her brother, and strangers are naturally enough inclined to take the tone from her own daughters, who make her always as much of a cypher as they can."

"They do, and the more shame for them."

"I pitied her so the other day that we dined there! Their behavior was not what it should have been."

"What a dull evening we had! I was quite glad to run over here the next night to shake off the recollection of it in some rational society."

"Complimentary to the Miss Beckfords."

"Quite enough so. But you can have no idea how much good coming over here does me. I am quite a new man since I came home. There is not a day, since then, I have not learned something from you. Even those in which I was not near the house had their share, from the recollection of what had passed here on some other occasion. Your life has been a silent but living lesson to me—it was so new and strange; and you are not like the people round here. Ah, Miss Frances, if you or your sister would undertake the management of me, I would be a very different man. You could make what you pleased of me."

Frances got up and poked the fire. Margaret rose and crossed the room, as if for a piece of calico, and then came back to her seat again. "Cool," thought Frances; "but no matter what Margaret is, I can be as cool as he." So she turned round, swinging the poker. "I would willingly comply with your request, Mr. Herbert; but I can only mind one person at once, and I would be quite lost for want of training myself, while I was looking after you."

Mr. Herbert looked at Margaret for her reply, but it did not come. He hazarded a remark addressed to her particularly, so she had to answer.

"I think, Mr. Herbert, one should come to be sure they wanted no training themselves, before they undertook such a post for another. That is my case precisely. I have quite enough to attend to."

Mr. Herbert was silent.

"What must it feel like," he said, after a pause, "to go about with a steady, well-ordered mind, always knowing precisely what is right to do, and always doing it?—with a comfortable assurance accompanying one always, that, no matter how the wind of circumstances may blow, your mind remains '*une chose fixe*.'"

"How would it feel, indeed?" said Margaret, laughing. "I do not think the wisest man that ever lived had such a mind. We know Solomon had not; and I am sure if half the sages we hear and read of would make a clean breast of it, and tell truly their inner life, we would have a vacillating kind of sketch."

"Passing by men, what think you of women?"

"Worse and worse."

"Not all of them," he said. "I know exceptions."

"They would be stoics," said Frances, "if there ever were female ones. A woman's feelings must always sway her more or less. I would not like one of your description at all. She would be an insufferable, pedantic, self-sufficient, strong-minded—"

"Hold, hold! Peace good lady! I have made out a bad case simply by my clumsy way of stating it. I meant only to draw a a feminine character as near perfection as human nature will admit of. See what it has come to! Miss Wyndham come to the rescue."

"Not to yours. I know no such perfect characters; and if I gave you any assistance, it would be from good-nature, certainly not from conviction. I would recommend you to strike your colors, and submit gracefully. Your ground is untenable."

"I will not, indeed. I consider myself fighting your battle under your banner:

'Who fighteth for the fairest fair
Proves bravest of the brave.'

Victory or Westminster Abbey!"

"I would recommend you to choose your corner of the Abbey in time," said Frances, "seeing you are more likely to take possession there than here. I will give you song for song:

'A Cameron never can yield!'"

"A truce," said Margaret. "'Discretion is the better part of the valor;' and we all know it is better to cease in good time, than afterwards wishing something said were unsaid."

"Or differently said," said Mr. Herbert.

"Or differently said," repeated Margaret, bowing down her grave face over her work. She was thinking of an evening the previous summer, when she stood in the twilight in the drawing-room window, watching Mr. Herbert carrying Nannie Selwyn down the avenue, walking beside Nannie's mother, whose face was turned up, trying to catch his words, which, to judge by the last expression the fading sunset showed on their faces, were more earnest words than those so lightly spoken here. Ah! if people were only true and upright, how much easier the world would be to walk through! Her thoughts made her silent; some, not unsi-

lar, occupied Frances; and Mr. Herbert sat pondering something also—something that gave him deep thought, as the knitted brows demonstrated.

It was some time before the conversation flowed again in its old, smooth channel; and then it was in a quiet, subdued strain: its former light tone had disappeared. What pained Margaret most, was that Mr. Herbert had again brought back the theme to himself, and his intercourse with them, and again spoke of the effect their life and conversation had had on him. One time he said:—

"If you could fancy what my life was for five long years—the morbid, sickly tone of mind in which I indulged in every petty grievance, the selfishness with which I brooded over past troubles—you would be disgusted at the picture. Instead of looking at what I had to be thankful for, I magnified everything, until I came to think I had carried a load of sorrow that it would be impossible ever to throw off. I hope I am learning differently now."

"There are times in life when we all make great leaps," said Margaret; "if one is conscious of them, they never forget them. Some of those I myself experienced, though very trivial in themselves, were so great in their effect on me, that I never regard them as the trifles they would otherwise appear."

"These, Mr. Herbert," her sister continued, "are what we call 'stepping-stones.' It is a favorite creed of ours, that life is like crossing a river: all the great changes in it are like the large stones that stand out prominently after we have passed them by. Sometimes one is not aware they stood on a top stone, till long after. The little ones are covered by the stream, but the large ones stand ever out. Sometimes a book makes a stepping-stone, in its effect upon the mind; sometimes a conversation, a few lightly-spoken words, will remain for years a stepping-stone. Deaths of those we love are ever great stepping-stones."

"You are speaking truly," was gravely and slowly said.

"Many are very painful, though not all," said Margaret.

"I have been thinking over some of mine," said Mr. Herbert. "I am beginning to understand them a little better. My coming

to live at home was one, or rather the effect of one. I would like to tell you of it. Will I tire you?"

"Oh, no."

"About a month before my return here, I was in Germany, in a very retired country village, where I had gone on foot, and stopped to spend the Sunday. In the village there was a little plain building, and understanding it to be a church, and a Lutheran one, I strolled in just before the service commenced. You could not imagine a rougher, more unfinished, more dreary-looking building than it was; a few deal benches for pews, rough walls, and a plain pulpit, also deal, with steps leading up to it. I do not know what I could have been about for the first hour, for I do not recollect anything striking me much, until just before the sermon, I saw a little boy about nine or ten years old assisting a very infirm old man up to the pulpit: his white hair and stooped figure arrested my attention, and made me watch him, and listen attentively. His text was the Parable of the Talents, and his treatment of it a different one from any I ever heard. He began by speaking of his own age and infirmities, and how unlikely that his hearers would ever meet to hear him again, and begged them to note well what he would wish them to remember and act on as his last commands. He said, that though the parable spoke of every man receiving according to his ability, yet as to what we had received, he would prove that we had each been sent the united gifts that had been severally given to the servants: the first, the five talents, he called 'Time,' and you can, I am sure, suppose how wide a field that gave him to speak of its uses and abuses, considering it as synonymous with 'life,' here and hereafter: the second, the gift of two, he termed 'Thought,' a noble gift to be worked in conjunction with time, as being the origin and source of all action; and the third, he said, differed in different individuals—in some, speech; in others, position; in his own case, the power of speaking to them there; and wound up all with a prayer so beautiful, that I felt awed and condemned as I never had been before; and as my foolish life—my abuse of all three gifts—rose before me, I left the church, scarcely conscious where I was going, and walked up the hills for several miles, revolving and resolving

plans for the future. On my return, passing through the village street, I met my aged friend with his little companion. Something constrained me to go and speak to him; so I went forward and said, 'Sir, I wish to speak to you, to thank you for what you said in church to-day. You do not know what good you have done me, and it is unlikely I shall ever see you again.' He was much touched, but seemed greatly pleased, and after a few minutes' conversation we parted, he bidding me farewell in the words of Martin Luther's version of the 115th Psalm:—*'Nicht uns, Herr, nicht uns, sondern deinem Namen gib Ehre um deine Gnade und Wahrheit.'*

"It was not very long after that till I landed in England, and, after seeing my little girl, I came home, certainly without any definite plan, but sufficiently ashamed to be ready for any suggestions your good father might throw out, or for any work that might come first. I am conscious of having done very little as yet, but I am in hopes of fitting better by and by, when the people and I begin to know one another. That is my stepping-stone. There is one point I have often wished to ask your advice upon, May I?"

Margaret assented.

"It is about my little girl. Mrs. Selwyn mentioned her to you?"

"She did," Margaret said, wondering what was coming.

"I do not know what to do with her. She is growing very pretty, very passionate, very disobedient; and what can I do with her? I asked Mrs. Selwyn's advice, but she sent me to you. She thought you would have good judgment."

"Where is she now?"

"Do you not know? About six or seven miles from Chester, with an elderly friend of my mother's. She is a kind, motherly old lady, but not fit to manage the child; and then it is so far away, though I go very often to see them, I do more harm than good. I would not spoil her, if I were always with her; but I cannot help it, as matters are now."

"Why not have her to live with you?"

"No. I was afraid, for fear she would grow up to hate me. I have heard of children inheriting likes and dislikes, and I judged it best to let her grow up at a dis-

tance from me. Now I begin to fear I was wrong. What ought I to do?"

Margaret did not wish to give any opinion, so she merely asked, "What says Mrs. Selwyn?"

"No! what says Miss Wyndham? It is a trifling thing to speak a few words; may I not hear them?"

Margaret spoke slowly. "I cannot see why the little one should grow up with feelings of dislike or even indifference, except indeed you wish for the last. You are taking the most certain means to bring it about, by leaving her among strangers. I beg your pardon, but you would have my opinion."

"Thank you," he said gravely, and, after a few minutes' silence, bade them "good-morning."

"I must confess," said Frances, who had kept an unusually long silence, "it is rather odd in that gentleman asking your opinion about the bringing up of his daughter. You did right to ask him what Mrs. Selwyn thought."

"I consider her the most proper person to ask such a question of. I am afraid I spoke too plainly, but it will have the effect of tabooing the subject; and on the whole I am not sorry."

Next day, Mrs. Selwyn came to ask whether Mr. Herbert was gone, for his travelling-carriage had passed through the village early that morning, with himself inside, destination unknown.

Margaret hardly judged it right to connect their conversation with the circumstance, but she mentioned something of what had passed, and Mrs. Selwyn at once decided he was gone to Chester. "Mr. Herbert thinks you know all his story from me, but I did not like to do so without special permission; but I see I may now tell you freely of it. The late Lady Charlotte Herbert had a brother who married an Italian lady, and lived in Italy until his death. When his only daughter was eight or nine years old, the mother in the course of three or four years more died, and then Lady Charlotte brought their child here to adopt her, and bring her up with her own children. I never saw so disagreeable a child as Lota was—for she was called after Lady Charlotte—cunning, vindictive, passionate. It was a sorry day for me when she came among us,

She tried to undermine my influence with her cousins, and prejudice her aunt by falsehoods against me, besides marring every pleasure-party or play we engaged in by her wicked temper. But the boys had high honorable feelings, and principle stood in good stead of Italian intrigue; and as they always watched over my interests, and rendered their parents straightforward details of all the petty squabbles we had, I never suffered as I might have done from Lota's evil propensities. When Lady Charlotte died, Lota was in Italy on a visit to her mother's friends, having her education completed; and, by her own wish it was arranged she should live there. Some months after her aunt's death, Vernon had a letter from Lota, begging him to come over and release her from some dreadful misery. He had ever a kind heart; and a letter which had been found in Lady Charlotte's desk, addressed to her sons, begging, in case any thing happened to her, they would make their cousin their especial care, seemed to compel his acquiescence; and Mr. John Herbert being abroad, he went alone. Of what took place on his arrival at Verona, I never heard the particulars, but my surprise was unbounded when I received one morning an intimation from him that he was married to his cousin Lota. The letter was a sad enough one. It spoke of Lota surrounded by arbitrary relatives, miserable from the life they led her, and denying Vernon's right of interference. The thought of his mother's letter seemed present to him, for he used in his letter many phrases I knew were in it; and seeing no other means of extricating her from her painful position, the step was taken. He wrote in one place, 'It has been a hasty step; but she is truly attached to me, and I hope we may be very happy.' That was my last letter for a long time. I wrote, congratulating him, and giving as a reason for a suspension of our correspondence that he was married now, and I about to be. I have since heard from another channel how miserable the succeeding year was. Her affection was but feigned, for I believe she hated him, and in many a bitter domestic scene scrupled not to tell him so. At last the child was born at Florence, and, before Mrs. Herbert's recovery, she one day flew into a violent passion, reproached and even cursed her husband, which violent paroxysm brought on fever, of which

she died. In one respect he was happily released, but those last scenes brought on a brain fever, from which he was many months in recovering. The child he called Florence, after her birthplace, and sent home to England, and then started on his wandering,

from which you all remember his return last spring."

A long talk ensued after this, before Mrs. Selwyn took her leave; and Frances if not Margaret, began to understand a little more of Mr. Herbert.

CHAPTER XXII.—ANOTHER STONE LAID.

"I breathed a song into the air:
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?"

"Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again, in the heart of a friend."

TEN days elapsed, and no tidings of Mr. Herbert. No one wondered but the Wyndhams; for others were so accustomed to his sudden flights, that they caused no wonder; but the Wyndhams had become habituated to such daily intercourse, and he so confidential in his communications of his usual proceedings, that the ten days' unexplained absence became hourly a greater marvel. On the eleventh, Margaret and Frances were in the garden, when they saw Mr. Herbert leaping over the stepping-stones. Springing up the bank, he stood before them, and set down upon the walk a pretty, bright, dark-eyed little girl, whom he had carried over in his arms.

"There, Miss Wyndham; allow me to introduce my daughter. Your advice has been taken."

"And not repented of, I hope?" said Margaret, stooping down to caress the child.

"Very nearly," he said. "Three fits of passion in one morning are enough to startle an inexperienced person. But you are good now, Florence?"

"Not very," she said, sulkily. "I do not like ladies."

"Presently," said Frances; "things may improve."

It was a vain hope. Florence did not seem, either on that or on many consecutive occasions, to improve. She rather grew worse, and poor Mr. Herbert was in despair. No one could manage her, neither nurse or father, and the fame of the little vixen spread over the parish.

Her arrival had been a source of astonishment to many, and it was quite pleasant to hear Mrs. Simpson's charitable remarks upon her, always comparing her to her own angels.

Quite enlivening to the good people of Landeris were these little anecdotes. Matilda Jones alone could tell fresh ones for an hour by Shrewsbury clock. She was held up as a warning to all the naughty children in all the nurseries for miles round, and "you are as bad as Miss Herbert" became a term of the keenest reproach. She should have been a pretty child, but the expression of her face was dark and louring—so much so, that many very clever people discovered her temper as they said, "in her face." Mr. Herbert had plenty of advice given him. He hated that any one should inquire for her: it was the sure preliminary to some unpleasant queries, and still more unpleasant suggestions for her improvement. Every mother wrote him a letter, and every old maid sent him a book, until, in his very weariness, dearly as he loved the child, and to have her with him, he was half inclined to send her back to her Chester home. The Wyndhams alone were exceptions to this custom. They made no remarks, and left him to manage her as best he chose; for Margaret felt that in a measure she had been the cause of much of it, inasmuch as her remark was the immediate cause of Miss Herbert's introduction to Landeris. The only advice he ever took was Mrs. Selwyn's; and I am sorry to say, that well as her suggestions might have suited Nannie, they were far from producing beneficial results on Miss Florence.

One morning Mr. Herbert came over to consult with Mrs. Wyndham. How strange he had never thought of doing that before! He was going to London on business: he could not take Florence, but would Mrs. Wyndham go over once or twice, and see how she and her nurse got on?

Mrs. Wyndham thought of a much better arrangement than that. Florence and her nurse should come to the Rectory and remain until he came back. How his face brightened up! The very best plan in the world! He thanked Mrs. Wyndham from the bottom of his heart; and secretly he hoped some of the

quiet influence that house seemed to have on himself might fall on the turbulent spirit for its improvement; and, light of heart, he started off to tell Mrs. Selwyn of the arrangement. Of course she said she was very glad: she could not avoid it; and confessed—what was, indeed, true—that she had longed to ask the child to her own house, but dared not arouse the tongues of the townspeople.

"I am sure," said the little lady's papa, "that Floy will be greatly improved by her visit. Rose and Lucy have had such careful training. They are dear little girls: I wish Florence was like them." A deep sigh.

"I think," suggested Mrs. Selwyn, "it would be well to tell Johnson always to go to one of the ladies when Florence goes beyond bounds. I have seen her look greatly ashamed when she was caught by Mrs. Wyndham in a passion."

"I cannot do that, without first asking them if they will submit to the annoyance Johnson and her charge will thereby give. I am only afraid they will have too much already."

"No matter; it is worth the trial."

"I will depend on you to write me candidly how matters go on. Conceal no truths, however unpleasant; for, if I find the arrangement not satisfactory to our kind friends, I must return to make some change."

"I will. At Paris you will hear from me, and at London first, if you wish it. You may depend on me."

"And you will go often to the Rectory?"

"Indeed I will."

Mrs. Wyndham had "been and gone and done it." In spite of her better judgment, and against resolutions made in cooler moments, she had asked Mr. Herbert's daughter to her house for a home-like visit. She could not have helped it. Her warm heart yearned over the poor, motherless, neglected child; and had she been many degrees worse than she really was—a contingency most people thought impossible—she could not have resisted the pleading conscience that said over and over again—

"Love and kindness we should measure

By this simple rule alone—

Do we mind each other's pleasure

Just as if it were our own?"

"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" and the thought arose—"Had I died many years ago, who

would have trained *my* children for their father? And the thought comforted her, but only herself, for she feared to make known to her family the seemingly injudicious step she had taken. Frances more than all she dreaded; for Frances, with a strong liking for Mr. Herbert, disapproved of the intimate footing he had gradually gained in the family. Many a hint she threw out to her mother that his attentions to Margaret were pointed, and that his conduct was not quite honorable, in speaking particularly to one lady, and paying real, tangible devotion to another. Mrs. Wyndham accordingly took the hour when they were all assembled after dinner to make her announcement, trusting to the presence of Dr. Wyndham and the little ones to prevent any very pointed remarks from Frances until she had become cooler upon it.

The doctor was delighted; it was just such a thing as he liked done, and he entered heart and soul into the children's anticipations of the amusement they hoped to have with her. Margaret did not speak at all, nor did Frances. The one sister did not wish to speak, but the other was only reserving her fire for some future occasion; there was no use in wasting it, when it neither would nor could be of use. Dr. Wyndham arose to stroll down the lawn, and his wife volunteered her company, fearing the remarks which might fall from her two daughters in his absence: one at least being "made up" on the subject.

Good Dr. Wyndham was so hospitable, and Mr. Herbert was so willing to avail himself of the general invitation so constantly reiterated, that there was nothing unusual in Mr. Herbert spending his last evening at the Rectory. He came early, and took his seat among the group round the fire. Rose and Lucy were stringing beads, and chattering to Margaret of their intended arrangements for hurrying their lessons every day while Florence was with them, to have plenty of time for playing with her.

"You could scarcely believe, Margaret, what a dear little 'babe in the wood' she makes, if she would only lie still a little longer till we get all the leaves dropped over her, but she very seldom will. Nannie does what we want her, but Florence will not, without a piece of sugar for every thing."

"Florence bears a bad character, I fear," said Mr. Herbert.

"It appears to me," said Miss Wyndham, "as if she only wanted more of the society of children like herself. It is very new to her to have to yield, but after a little she will do it of herself with a better grace."

This seemed a favorable moment to prefer the request, that they would all try their training powers on the subject of their conversation while she was with them; and timidly, but very unmistakably, the words were brought forth. He had but a faint idea of the astonishment he had created; Frances looked up from her netting at her mother, with an indignant glance, as if his presumption had reached a climax; Margaret, though the words might seem to have been addressed to her, gave no reply; but Rose and Lucy were in ecstasies. It was just what they had often wished, that they might cure her of her passionate fits; but, as they had been forbidden ever to interfere between her nurse and her, they had been obliged to stand aloof; and, besides, Rose had great faith in the efficacy of some hymns, which both sisters agreed it was high time she should learn to repeat. Dr. Wyndham answered too: "He had been putting Nannie Selwyn through a course of instruction, and it would be very much to the improvement of better acquaintance between himself and Florence if she were included." Mr. Herbert looked disappointed that no one else spoke on the subject, but he let it pass without any more remarks.

During tea, some conversation arose about the view to be seen from Dollington Hill; Dr. Wyndham holding steadfastly to the opinion that Landeris lay to the east of the hill, and Mr. Herbert as pertinaciously arguing it lay to the west.

"Why my dear sir," Mr. Herbert would say, making an imaginary road with plates, knives and spoons, "here is the gate from which you started that morning; here is the turn down the Plimton road; here is—"

"I beg your pardon, I do not think we go on the Plimton road at all."

"Certainly not; I merely mentioned it as a landmark; here is the hill from which you see the trees round Clare Abbey; here is the first view of the ruins on the hill—"

"Exactly; then we made a circuit to gain the pathway, which took us round to the other side of the—"

"Yes, but the path winds round again; and when you reach the summit, if it be the

evening, you will see the sun set over Landeris Hill."

Dr. Wyndham sat considering. "Children, what say you?"

"East," said Margaret.

"West," said Frances.

"Proof, proof," said both gentlemen.

"Would not your sketch show, Frances?" said Mrs. Wyndham.

"What sketch?" inquired her father.

"One I took very hastily the day we were there. After we left the dining-place, I got Lady Clare with me; the scene spread out below was so lovely, so *Turnerish*, that we were tempted to try it. I cannot say we flattered nature in our representation of her sunset, but we pleased ourselves extremely."

"Do you give private exhibitions?" said Mr. Herbert.

"Of course," said Dr. Wyndham, taking consent for granted.

Rose ran off with alacrity for the portfolio; it was an opportunity she had long desired of displaying her sister's accomplishment; and often and often had she begged permission to bring them forth. "It is very hard," she would say, "that Frances' light is to be under a bushel."

The tea-table was cleared, and Mr. Herbert, relieving her of her burden, laid it down before Frances, saying, "It seems a perfect treasure-house."

"In bulk, at least," was the owner's reply. "That is the sketch, papa; I was trying it in water-colors, but daylight is more favorable for its appearance."

"It is as well to be honest," said Dr. Wyndham, "and yield heroically. I half-contemplated diverting my adversary's attention by the inspection of these scraps, but have relinquished it on second thoughts. Mr. Herbert, I say west."

"Thank you; but I hope your submission is not to deprive me of my treat; I assure you it is not the first time I have longed to turn it over."

"You and Frances settle that; I am off to my sermon. You do not allow me to apologize to you, so I proffer none."

"May I untie this bundle? or are they thus fastened to prevent the eye of the vulgarly curious peeping at them?"

"Open, if you choose; I believe they are more interesting to ourselves than to any one else. We call them 'sketches of stepping-

stones;' they refer to many passages of our past lives that we have since come to know were stepping-stones."

Mr. Herbert turned them over. Here Margaret gave explanations, there Frances; some they let pass in silence, and when so, no questions were asked. There were many graveyard scenes, with tombstone and inscription prominent of some dearly-loved friend or relative who had passed away. There were some of dead brothers and sisters' resting-places, with a little note attached of name or age; these were laid reverently down in silence, and another taken up.

"That is a pretty spot."

"Yes; a glen near Cardiff, where Margaret and I spent a summer. While I drew that, Margaret read me 'Longfellow's Poems.' That large tree always brings back 'the old clock on the stairs;' there was but a slight breeze, making the branches move a little to 'for ever, never—never, for ever;' and the and the water flowed over the stones to the words of the 'Psalm of Life;' and that shady, cool spot, with the branches arching overhead, brings again that lovely of lovely poems, 'The Prelude.' It is just the place to read it in."

"Yes, and

'Lend to the rhyme of the poet
The music of the voice.'

But do you consider that intense enjoyment, lovely as it may have been at the time, a 'stepping-stone?'"

"No; after Margaret had read, we talked; and in what grew from that conversation—the resolutions we there made, and afterwards carried out—we learned, long afterwards, it was a 'stepping-stone.'"

"It was the greatest step we ever individually took," said Margaret; "sitting there, we planned it all."

"I understand you."

The next was a garden-scene, trim walks, and flower-beds, with merely the initials E. C.—F. W., and the date. Mr. Herbert being given no further information, had discrimination enough to ask no question. He laid it down; if he had but looked, one young lady's heightened color at least would have betrayed the fact. The stepping-stones were finished, and the gentleman turned on.

"That is the drawing we were taking from your grounds, the first time we had the pleasure of seeing you. Do you remember? That is the rough copy."

"Perfectly; but will you not give it a place among the stepping-stones?"

"Why?"

"Why not? Do you not consider your first meeting with me one? If I were you, and this were mine, I would. Miss Wyndham, would you admit it?"

"It is a matter of opinion," she said gravely; "if it was a very important event to any one, they would be right to place it so."

"I had hoped it would have been that to you, as my first knowledge of you has been a momentous one to me." As he spoke, he lifted absently another paper. It was his mother's monument. "Ah, yes, there is mine; how beautifully you have rendered it!" A long pause. "Ah! Miss Wyndham, you played with real soul that night. Whether it was the scene, or the hour, or the music, or all combined, I never knew; but the whole has been like some pleasant dream, that one waking longs to grasp, and hold for ever."

He caught the look of astonishment on both faces.

"Did I never tell you I was in the church that evening? That was my first acquaintance with you—a happy one for me; for there I learned at once what I might have been months learning, might never have learned—something of a spirit of goodness and purity, that took me at first by surprise, but which every day and hour since has only deepened and confirmed. I can never tell you how you touched me; if ever in after life I am good for any thing, or do good to any one, to you I owe it all. What I told you of my old German pastor was but digging the foundations; you laid the solid stones. I have never heard the evening-hymn since, but a thrill of pleasure recalls the singing of it then; and it is the one dream of my life to hear it so again. Will it ever be?"

There was silence for a few moments—he went on again.

"Can you wonder these two occasions have been steps to me? Is it too much to hope that what so concerned me, though a trifle to you—that I may be so far joined in spirit to you as to have my two 'stepping-stones' bound up with yours?"

There was no answer; the silence must have been accepted as acquiescence, for he took the two papers, and tied them in with their life-scenes.

The re-entrance of Mrs. Wyndham and

the little girls ended the conversation; but on both sisters it had fallen heavily. To Frances came the indignant words, passing and repassing through her mind:

"I know one who is fair to see,
He can fair and false be;
Beware, beware, he is fooling thee."

To Margaret came a choking sensation, with one only well-defined wish, that the earth would open and swallow her—any resource to escape from herself and the thoughts that were thronging too fast upon her. It was a relief when her mother sent her to the piano; she felt a longing to pour out her whole soul in some strain that would carry all those conflicting thoughts far away from her home and her. Yet it seemed, to-night, as if one torture was to succeed another. She had played but a little while, when she saw Mr. Herbert crossing the room, over to the piano. There he stood; then he stooped down, resting on it in such a position as he could best catch a glimpse of her face.

"Miss Wyndham, when I made the request to-night about Florence, it was your answer I looked for, and you gave me none."

"I had none to give."

"None! And it was from you I hoped so much! I knew the power you could have; and in you lies my last hope for her. I am confident you could make her all, and more than all, I could ever wish or dream of, if you would."

"You are quite mistaken. I could do little with her, certainly nothing that any one else could not do just as well. I have no influence over her—I never had; so do not look for any improvement to come from any interference of mine with her."

"At least she will live under the same roof with you—that should do her good," said Mr. Herbert, with a sigh, as he turned away from the piano, stung by the unwonted harshness of Margaret's tone, and too grieved even to ask for the "Requiem."

CHAPTER XXIII.—NONE ARE ALL EVIL.

"But let patience have her perfect work."

"I hardly know so melancholy a reflection, as that parents are necessarily the sole directors of the management of children, whether they have, or have not, judgment, penetration, or taste, to perform the task!"—GREVILLE.

FOR two days, Florence went on to admiration. The entire household at the Rectory were loud in their praises. "Such an improved little girl!" said the seniors. "Such a little love!" said the juniors. "Such an angel!" said the servants. All this was very pleasant, and very promising; but on the third morning, when the family assembled for morning prayers, Johnson notified that Miss Herbert would not rise; and consequently she absented herself, with a curtesy. Nothing was said till the servants had left the room. Rose and Lucy sat bursting with impatience to hear what their elders would say; for such an occurrence as any one refusing to rise, except in case of illness, was unknown in the annals of the Wyndham family. Mrs. Wyndham and her daughters looked at each other; Dr. Wyndham laughed.

"Now, mamma, let us see what you can do."

Mamma rung the bell. "Send Johnson to me." Johnson appeared. "You do not think Miss Florence is ill, Johnson?"

"No, ma'am, she is quite well; but this

happens very often. She will not rise until she chooses, without a great deal of coaxing and bribing."

"What do you do with her generally?"

"Her papa, ma'am, always takes up his breakfast, and has it beside her. She bid me ask for Miss Lucy this morning, but I think it is a very bad plan; if you please, I think she will get over it much sooner if left alone."

"I think so too; and I would be very much inclined, if I were you, to let her stay as long in bed as she chooses; perhaps, if she indulges herself fully this time, she may have less inclination to do it again. Now, children," she continued, as Johnson left the room, "you are not to go in to Florence at all, except I give you leave, remember."

She changed the conversation; so no more was said till she and Margaret and Frances were alone.

"Poor little soul, she is lost for want of care; and you see that we were unfortunately compelled conscientiously to try and improve her; I do think she will be better on the whole after this; one week is nothing."

"I am afraid she will manage Mrs. Selwyn, instead of Mrs. Selwyn managing her," said Margaret.

"I sincerely hope she will worry Mrs. Selwyn well," said Frances, in an indignant tone;

all her indignation blowing out afresh, as she thought on various incidents which had occurred lately.

"No! no!" indignantly from Margaret.

"Poor child," from Mrs. Wyndham, who had mistaken Frances' speech.

When Lucy did not attend Miss Herbert's summons, that young lady became exceedingly indignant, flew into a violent passion, ate her breakfast, and having screamed out a little, went to sleep. The day was far advanced when she awoke, and saw her nurse sitting in the window at work. Too sullen to ask for what she wanted, she lay silent for some time, but finding that very dull, she called Johnson to dress her, which was done, and she went down stairs. Into the drawing-room, empty; into the parlor, empty; into every room in succession, with a like result: only on the study-table she saw the Bibles and catechisms which the Rectory children and Nannie Selwyn used when at their Scripture lesson with Dr. Wyndham. This brought a fresh pang, for she knew Nannie had been there, and that, besides, she had missed hearing all the stories Dr. Wyndham had made her first lesson the day she came. She went out to the garden, but no one was there; and, lonely as she had never felt before in her life, she returned to the house. All the time Johnson had been watching her, and seeing her at last safe in Miss Wyndham's room, looking at pictures in a book, and knowing that, by keeping the door open, she could not leave it without her being aware, she returned to her work. The pictures lasted a little while, then peeping into all the drawers and boxes lasted a little longer; but finally the petted little girl, missing the obsequious catering for her amusement that she had at home, and overcome with the disappointments that met her at every turn, crept into the bed, put down her face on the pillow, and cried heartily, not loudly nor passionately, but quietly and very sorrowfully. Here Margaret found her a few minutes after, on her return from walking. She went over and lifted her up, saying in a kind voice,

"Why, my little girl, what is the matter?"

Two or three sobs. "You all went out and left me."

"Why did you not come too? I would have taken you very gladly."

"I was not up."

"Have you had any dinner?"

"Yes; when I was dressed I got it."

"That is right; for I have had mine long ago."

"How long?" (between the sobs.)

"Two or three hours."

"Where were you since?"

"Down to the village to bring Nannie's mamma to tea; round by the park lane, and up the avenue gate, and into the hall, and up-stairs, into my room, to find a little girl lying on my bed, crying. That was not a pleasant part of the evening—eh, Florence?"

"No; I was so unhappy."

"And what made you unhappy?"

"Having nobody to speak to."

"I do not think that was the reason; shall we try to find out?"

"If you please, Miss Wyndham."

"The best plan is to begin with the morning, and then one is sure to get it all out. When you awakened?"

"I was very cross, and kicked nurse, and lay there."

"Did you?" said Margaret, assuming a look of horror.

"I did" (more sobs); "that is being naughty, is it not?"

"I am afraid it is."

"But I am not naughty now, and I am not happy."

"Because being naughty brings on things that prevent us being happy. Do you know how it is, or what brought it on you?"

"Every one in this house is good except me."

"No one is quite good, Florence; but God can make us a great deal better."

"I wish He would make me good."

"Did you ever ask Him in your prayers?"

"Sometimes; but to-day I said none; I was too bad."

"Now, there is another reason for being unhappy: not having God to watch us—not asking Him, I mean."

"I do not know what to do, Margaret."

"Suppose you ask Him now; and we will talk of it afterwards?"

Florence slid off Margaret's knee, and knelt down, after which she rose, rubbing her eyes, and looking more cheerful.

"I am better now, do you think?"

"I hope so; but it is rather soon to know; if you will help me put away my things, I will tell you some things about being good."

While she was running blithely through

the room, she suddenly stopped, dropped the shawl she carried, and burst into a fresh shower of tears. Margaret ran over to her.

"Dear Florence, what now?"

"Dr. Wyndham—I forgot about him; what does he say about me? I am so very, very sorry."

"About what?"

"All he told me that day in the library, about the men in the Bible who got into all kinds of trouble, because they did not do as they were bid; and I was to do all I was told, and I did that day; and to-day I had forgotten all about it; and what will he think? I am sorry, sorry; he will think I have broken my promise. But I forgot it all; indeed, Miss Wyndham, I did."

"We must just tell him so, and try again. Cheer up, little woman, we will do better the next time. Dr. Wyndham is a very wise man, you see, Florence; his way of beginning to be good is the very right way, always to do what we are told."

"And must people do what Johnson tells them? I will do every thing you ask me, but I do not like what she tells me. If you had bid me get up this morning, I would have done so; but who would mind Johnson?"

"That is just the thing, Florence; it is not pleasant to have to behave well always, when one has been accustomed to have a great deal of their own way. But, as you and I are going to try a great deal, we must try as much with nurse as with other people."

A deep sigh. "I hope I will remember to be good."

"I think a good plan would be for me to remind you of it when I see you forgetting; and whenever you feel going to be bold, run straight to me, if you can, and I will tell you what to do."

Florence sealed the compact with a kiss; and when Margaret asked her would she not like to go down to the drawing-room, but instead of going, she lingered at the door, and at last came up to Margaret—

"I would rather wait for you, for everybody will say something to me."

So she took Margaret's hand, and went down into the drawing-room, hiding her face behind her friend's dress; but, after all, there was no one there but Dr. Wyndham, who, on seeing her, called out—

"Holloa, who is this strange visitor you have brought?"

But Florence had taken counsel for what she should do, and, dropping Margaret's hand, walked up, and with downcast eyes, and a very heightened color, spoke to him.

"I am very sorry, sir, I forgot all you told me the other day; that was what made all the mischief."

"My poor little woman, of course you did; many a thing old heads like mine forget, as well as young ones like yours; see if we do not do better the next time. Margaret, get me some pieces of sugar."

Margaret also took the precaution of warning every one against saying any thing to her; and when the children come in, Florence slid down from Dr. Wyndham's knee, and went off to join their play, quite gay and light of heart again.

"Never let me hear her called 'Miss Hopeless' again by any one, or, in spite of my coat, Margaret, I will be sending a challenge. She is a dear child."

"Right, papa; and when you do, take me for your friend—the congruity will be complete. There is good in her, if there ever was in any mismanaged child."

"Oh that she had some one who could draw it out!"

Tea passed over, and the elders still lingered round the table. The conversation had ebbed down to a low tide, making the conversation of the doll party in the bay-window the more audible of the two.

"Has not mine very pretty hair?" said Nannie.

"Not so nice as Miss Wyndham's," said Florence, rather scornfully. "I saw hers, every bit of it, to-night, and it is lovely."

"Oh, but she is living; that is not to be counted."

"Yes, I say it is."

"If it is, then, I can tell you my mamma's is far, far nicer."

"Nicer! Look how little she has. I do not call people with caps and little bits like nurse's nice."

"But if you saw her without the cap, it is a great deal prettier than any one's here."

"Is it, indeed?"

"Yes, and you will see some day that it is; for your papa does not like the caps, and he said, 'Won't you have done wearing those odious caps before I come back? Your hair used to be so pretty.' And mamma said she

would; and I know she will, for she and I always do what he bids us."

Mrs. Selwyn's feelings may be imagined on finding the proverb of 'little pitchers' so unpleasantly verified, and sat looking utterly confused and silenced. Margaret, out of pity, tried to talk and drown the children's voices, and Mrs. Wyndham rose and moved to the other side of the room; but Frances boldly sat it out—her secret wish being that the hero of the anecdote had only been present to hear himself so reported. Before the quarrel ended, Margaret had to remind Florence twice about being on the verge of naughtiness; and at last Rose, by a telegraphic sign, was desired to break up the dispute, by carrying off one of the belligerents to the next room.

Mr. Herbert's absence lasted three weeks, during which the widow abandoned the cap—retaining, however, the black dress, quite sufficient token to Margaret to call back any wandering thoughts before it became too late.

Florence had many a struggle, but out of them all she came with a very fair proportion of victories; and with Margaret's help the three weeks became the most valuable of any she had spent in all her little life.

From the moment of Mr. Herbert's return, when he took Florence back, Margaret studiously avoided allowing him to see the active part she had herself taken in the child's improvement; and, except when Florence was alone at the Rectory, the warm chord between them seemed to have faded out of sight. Still Florence stuck manfully to Margaret. A word from her would produce more ready obedience than if the whole world, father included, talked themselves hoarse.

One morning the Wyndham girls were occupying themselves in the garden, when Mr. Herbert crossed over and joined them. He walked about, now assisting one and now another in their work, and at intervals watching the little ones in their play. Florence had learned to be the baby Jane now, and lay laughing under a heap of dry beech-leaves. Suddenly Johnson appeared, to claim her charge, who positively declared her intention of remaining where she was. The uproar brought Margaret to ascertain the cause; and the moment Florence saw her, she burst from them, and seizing Margaret's hand, said, "I am very nearly naughty now, Margaret—do you think so?"

"Very nearly will not be quite, I hope," said Margaret, stooping to caress her. "You will go now, Floy; and remember, to-morrow is your Bible day, so ask Johnson to bring you early. Papa will be looking for his good pupil. Lucy will go to the bridge with you for company. Good-bye."

Florence held up her mouth to be kissed, waved her hand to her papa, who stood in mute astonishment, and ran down the walk.

"Miss Wyndham, do you think, because I have not mentioned it, that I am insensible to the change you have been the means of working? I owe you more than I have words to tell. It was the want of power to express it kept me silent till now."

Margaret tried to stop him, by muttering something of her papa; but he only went on, saying, "He knew his debt to Dr. Wyndham also, but to herself first and best of all. How often he had longed to speak freely about——"

"Mrs. and the Miss Beckfords, in the drawing-room," said a servant, coming up; and before Margaret knew, she was sitting talking to them.

One morning Mr. Herbert brought over his little daughter with him, and they went into the drawing-room. Mrs. Wyndham and Margaret were there. Mr. Herbert was talking to Mrs. Wyndham; Florence had jumped on her friend's lap.

"Good-morning, Miss Wyndham. Papa will not allow me to call you Margaret any more: he says you are Miss Wyndham, and I must say that. I think it is very nasty of him."

"No, no, Florence dear; whatever your papa tells you to do must be right. You must say exactly what he wishes you always."

"That is queer; and you once told me yourself no one was quite good."

Mr. Herbert colored to his temples. He had heard every word.

"Well," said Margaret to herself, "he might as well have let the child love me in her own way. I would never have presumed on her affection for me, nor used it to push myself into his notice. But I will take very good care to put barriers up of my own raising, and not leave them for him to erect. I will go to Yorkshire as soon as I can, and to Ouseley; and then he will be saved a great deal of trouble."

CHAPTER XXIV.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"I must say, Lizzy, if 'England expects every man will do his duty,' it is more than I do, and very weak-minded of England. For if now and then some one should do it, you may be quite sure it is because they could not help it."—A. A. C. ON LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren."—POLISH VOLKSIED.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Wyndham one day, as they were returning from a drive, "you have good sight. Is that Sir Stephen who dashed down the avenue on horseback, and turned out of the gate?"

"It must be. What dreadful haste he is in. That is not his usual style of riding."

"Mamma," said Lucy, as they entered the house, "Frances has got a headache, and is gone to lie down. She bid us not go into her room."

"Why, we left her quite well." Mrs. Wyndham and Margaret went up-stairs.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Mr. Herbert sat waiting in the drawing-room. He had sent up his compliments, with a request for an interview with Miss Frances Wyndham.

"Margaret, you must go down and apologise—Frances is not able," Mrs. Wyndham said, sitting by the couch which Frances lay upon.

"Another proposal, perhaps," said Margaret, leaving the room.

"No," said Frances, sitting up, and speaking in a decided way; "not very likely: we are neither of us Mrs. Selwyn. It is my opinion, mamma, that there is something materially wrong with everybody's love affairs in this parish; and I have no patience with the gentlemen; one and all, they are acting infamously."

"Softly, my dear girl."

"Why, here is Sir Stephen, who first draws on Annette Holmdon till she is just in the proper state for falling into consumption; then he singles out Margaret in every public place, by paying her the most marked attention; and winds up all by making me an offer of himself. The next enigma is Mr. Herbert. If he was waiting for Mr. Selwyn to be a proper number of years dead, to satisfy the widow's qualms of conscience, what brings him here continually, telling Margaret she is perfection, and getting us to cure Miss Florence of her 'tempers' before Mrs. Selwyn gets her, to save her intended step-mother trouble? Mamma, I wonder you bear with it all as you do."

"People must bear many a thing they cannot help, Frances. I am more uneasy about Margaret than I speak of; nor do I see my way out of this web at all. I am unwilling to speak to your papa, as it might disturb the harmony that exists between him and Mr. Herbert. I cannot speak to Margaret either; and what good would it do her if I did? It would only make her uncomfortable; and she has as good sense as you or I, to see what every one who sees Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Selwyn in the unconstrained intercourse we do must. That dropping of her married name for 'Annie,' when we are alone, is most disagreeable to me. I dislike hearing gentlemen call ladies by their Christian names exceedingly. Of course, they grow up together, it cannot be avoided; but after a girl marries, I do not think it becoming, except among near relatives. I like them both, but I do not like their meetings taking place here. It looks as if I were match-making."

"Not for us; that is one thing."

"No, indeed; especially not for you, my dear Fan."

In the meantime, Margaret had descended to the drawing-room. Mr. Herbert rose to meet her, and she began her apology for her sister, which Mr. Herbert stopped, by saying he understood she was suffering from headache—her sisters had mentioned it; but he did not like to go without making the effort. Did Miss Wyndham guess the object of his visit? Margaret, feeling rather uncomfortable, "had no idea."

"Something concerning the region of the heart," he said.

Margaret winced, and supposed he and Sir Stephen were like the rival-brothers in the Rhine legend, who were each to try their chance for a "fair ladye." But the quiet answer, "Indeed," gave her not even the appearance of having curiosity. Mr. Herbert looked half-provoked at her indifference—he had been so nervous about the opening of his business, and to see her so unmoved! At last a bright idea struck him. "Do you think I am here on my own behalf?"

"How am I to know you are not—her gravity almost gone at the expression on his face. He looked in puzzled despair. Margaret gave him no assistance; but at last he burst forth with—

"Miss Wyndham, you will not understand me. Do you take pleasure in torturing? I am come at the request of Sir Stephen Norris. Of course you are aware of his disappointment here to-day. He is in a state of wretchedness dreadful to behold. You would pity him if you saw him. Poor man! I do from my very soul."

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"You see men do not often expect to be refused—that is the real truth; and he had so built upon this, and it came with such a sudden blow, that he does not know how to bear up under it. And in the confusion in his mind, he could not mark if there was any thing in your sister's manner that he could cling to, with hope that in time he might make better progress. Is there any such prospect for my poor friend? You will believe how averse I was to undertaking such a delicate mission, but I had to do so at last out of pity. You know your sister very well, I am sure. I am glad I cannot see her, but you will tell me candidly what message I am to carry back. If you had known my friend as long and well as I have, you would say that a more honest, nobler, better heart never beat in man's breast, than that of Stephen Norris. Is there no hope?"

Gesture and words said, "None," Answer, "Poor Norris!"

"Mr. Herbert, will you carry this message back for Frances to your friend?—That she is grieved to the soul, and truly sorry, to think she ever said or did any thing to lead Sir Stephen to suppose she encouraged attentions from him. Till this day, she never dreamed of how it was with him, and that she asks his forgiveness for the pain she has caused him; and she hopes they will still be as friends with all."

"To this am I to add it must all end now? Oh, Miss Wyndham! does she dislike him, or how is it? I would think him a husband any one might be proud of, and love heartily too."

"Perhaps it is due to Sir Stephen to give some reason for such a point-blank refusal. I am sure Frances did not tell him; but I will. Mr. Herbert, my sister is engaged—was so before we came here."

"You need not say more," said Mr. Herbert; "that contingency I never contemplated, nor did my friend, I am sure. Very well, whoever may be the happy man, Miss Fran-

ces has my best wishes for her happiness. She is worthy of more than I have words to wish."

"He is our cousin. He lived with us at Ousely. Now he is out in South America. In a year we look for his return; when, if all be well, they will be married."

"She is a brave soul: how well she bears it!"

"When first we came here, she felt it very keenly; but she is better now. It was only last autumn he went out. It was a melancholy 'good-bye.'"

"He was here?" said Mr. Herbert, with new interest in her words.

"Yes."

They had some conversation after this, and Mr. Herbert was thinking it was time to be off to Sir Stephen, who was enduring the horrors of suspense in the library at the Hall, when Margaret said—

"As this is the first and most likely last time we shall ever allude to what is past, I should like to ask you a question. If it involves any breach of confidence, let me know to withdraw it. Was there not some attachment at one time between Sir Stephen Norris and Miss Holmdon, or at least the appearance of such?"

"On that subject I never had confidence reposed in me, so there is no breach in saying I think there was. Other people, I know, thought so too; and I scarcely know whether it is your sister's brilliancy which has so charmed Sir Stephen, or a misunderstanding between him and Miss Holmdon, that has put an end to matters. This much I know—there was a mistake about some bouquet Miss Holmdon received from him, which she was supposed to prize highly, and which found its way into the hands of some other gentleman—through, I have no doubt, some casualty: perhaps the old lady was to blame. But some rather bitter words passed; and that day at Dollington last summer completed the estrangement. Sir Stephen took her absence from the evening party very ill—looked upon it as a final expression, and acted thereon."

"I do not wonder she did not go. I could not help watching her all day, and she seemed wound up to a pitch of madness. She could neither eat nor speak; and after so many hours' torture, she must have gone home. To tell you the truth, I was very

angry with Sir Stephen that day. He did not wish to be inattentive to her; and when he dared not come out boldly, every act was more an insult. Frances was in rather high spirits, and laughed very much—more than was just judicious under the circumstances, as we now see them; and she has never ceased blaming herself, ever since the idea first occurred that she had given Annette pain. To-day has quite cleared up what we all wondered at with such great regret—that Miss Holmdon latterly avoided us in such a pointed way, and shrunk from all the friendly exchanges of books, work, or music, that had apparently given her such pleasure formerly. If we could but do any thing for her! But that is impossible. She has too much to forgive us, to leave any hope of our ever being friends."

"If I stay much longer, Sir Stephen will expect some extraordinary results. How far am I at liberty to repeat our conversation?"

"As far as you think judicious. We put ourselves in your hands. But—if—would you—in fact, we should not wish it to go beyond Sir Stephen."

"Certainly not. Good morning."

"Women are so conventional," said Mr. Herbert to himself, as he went home: "they are so taught to conceal their real feelings, and act a part, that it becomes second nature. I wonder how far Margaret concealed hers from me to-day. Her manner is so frank, one does not suspect her of it, like most wo-

men-kind; but all along I was afraid she might fall into the same error the public have done, and think his attentions meant for herself. Fool of a man, that he could not have courage to speak out boldly to the right sister, instead of acting shadow to Margaret in every company. Then that was the cousin I saw! Well, that information is the only piece of comfort I have got out of my match-making. A pretty business I have made of it—inciting this man on, to be thrown back at last! I wish I had not dined at Prenderley that day, and been made a confidant of! Heigh-ho! nothing but entanglement on all sides. Annie Selwyn—there is another scrape I am in for! 'Did you ever have a cousin, Tom?'" And Mr. Herbert whistled the air, till, nearing the windows of the library, he repressed it, in compassion for his afflicted friend's feelings.

The next news in Landeris was, that Sir Stephen was gone to see his mother; and the first addition made to this was, that Sir Stephen was to bring back a Lady Norris, in the shape of one of his mother's dashing nieces. Many believed it. The Wyndhams were inclined to it too, on the theory that men are never so ready to have a wife found for them, as after meeting with a disappointment; and fame always allowed that Mrs. Westerton excelled in that branch of female diplomacy which is generally called "match-making."

THE SUDDEN THOUGHT.—A married lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time abroad, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in a great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BOOKS.—To remove ink spots, apply a solution of oxalic, citric, or tartaric acid. To remove spots of grease, wax, oil, or fat, wash the injured part with ether, and place it between white blotting-paper. Then, with a hot iron, press above the part stained.

SHIRKING THE WATER CURE.—They told us at Graefenberg of a Mexican who came there a year or two before us for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern and bade him get into it. "Never!" he thundered; and, marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to Mexico. Another man, in the same situation, is said to have fallen on his knees before Priessnitz, exclaiming, "Oh, sir! remember that I have a wife and children!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LION'S BREATH.

THERE is a philosophy even in lion-hunting. The monarch of the forest or rather of the wilderness, considered by Michelet as inferior to a bird in powers and attributes, as well as in the enjoyment of life, and far too extravagantly extolled by the renowned lion-killer Jules Gérard, and the recorder of his exploits Alexandre Dumas, sen., is not a mere machine. He has his instincts—nay, possibly also his passions, his reasonings, and his sentiments. The magnanimity of the lion has become proverbial; why also may he not have his preferences and his predilections?

Jules Gérard and his literary exponent, Alexandre Dumas, have raked up an old Arab legend in connection with the Mauritanian lion, illustrating what has been hitherto an unknown or little noticed peculiarity in that animal; and they have then carried it out in one of those recent instances which seem to be inexhaustible, and which, after filling a volume to their own account, now help to swell the pages of the fertile romancer's so-called "Causeries." The legend in question is as curious as it is interesting, and the recent illustration given of the same peculiarity is very striking. The only drawback is that they do not agree. The philosophy is not the same in both. This we suppose is a very minor consideration to a daring slayer of lions and a dashing romancer, but to the naturalist it is much, and we shall be excused then if, after narrating the facts as far as we can gather them, we proceed to give our own simple version of the matter.

We must premise that Jules Gérard is relating the story to Alexandre Dumas. Gérard is speaking.

"I had," said the indomitable lion-slayer, "killed the lioness the 19th of July, and from that day to the 27th I had sought constantly, but unsuccessfully, for the lion. I was in my tent with eight or ten Arabs; some of them were followers of mine, others were inhabitants of the douair in which I then was. We were talking."

"About what?" put in the anxious reporter.

"About lions, to be sure! When one goes out lion-hunting, one talks about nothing but lions. An old Arab was relating a legend to me which had occurred some centuries back to a girl of his tribe."

"And to a lion?"

"Yes, to a lion."

"Well, let us have the legend, especially if it is very terrible."

"Terrible and philosophical. The Arabs are the first philosophers in the world—practical philosophers, I mean, naturally."

"I am listening."

"There was, some hundred years before I came to the tribe—there was in that same tribe a young girl who was very proud; not that she was richer than others—her father had only his tent, his horse, and his gun—but she was very beautiful, and hence her pride."

"One day that she had gone to cut wood in the neighboring forest, she met a lion. For all arms she had only a small hatchet, but if she had had dagger, gun, or rifle, as well as a hatchet, she would not have attempted to make use of them, the lion was so powerful, so proud, and so majestic. She began to tremble in all her limbs, and endeavored to cry out for assistance, but her voice, paralyzed by fear, refused its office. What she dreaded most was, that the lion would make signs to her to follow him, in order that he might devour her at his leisure, and in some quiet, select spot; for lions are not only *gastronomes*, they are also *gourmets*. It is not sufficient with them to appease their appetites, they take delight also in gratifying themselves under such conditions of sensuality as shall satisfy all the refinement of their organization."

"I admit all that, my dear Gérard, but there is one thing you said which I do not understand."

"Which was that?"

"You said, 'What she dreaded most was, that the lion would make signs to her to follow him.'"

"I did so."

"Well?"

"Ask Amida' (one of Gérard's Arabs who accompanied him to Europe) 'if when a lion meets an Arab, he gives himself the trouble of carrying him off.'"

"Amida shook his head and raised his eyes heavenwards, which might be translated by these words:

"Ah! indeed he is not so stupid as that comes to."

"I persisted (M. Alexandre Dumas continues), and Amida explained his gesture to me."

"It resulted from this explanation that a lion is a magnetizer of a very different calibre to Mesmer, M. de Puységur, or even M. Marillet. The lion looks at a man, fascinates him, sends him to sleep, makes him follow him, and the man wakes up devoured."

"It can be readily understood that I was anxious to get at the bottom of this tradition."

"Amida assured me that one day he had met a lion in the company of one of his friends, and that the lion tried to magnetize them both, but that while the effect was perfect on his friend, it was only partially so on him. It resulted from this that, preserving full command over himself, he did every thing in his power to dissuade the unfortunate victim from obeying the terrible fascinator; but it was in vain that he begged him, prayed him, held him by his burnouse; the Arab persisted in following the lion, seeing which, Amida, who felt his own powers of resistance growing gradually weaker, prudently made his escape.

"This point having been settled and admitted, Gérard continued:

"The young girl stopped there, trembling, and expecting that the lion was going to make signs to her to follow, when, on the contrary, to her great surprise, she saw the lion approach her, smile in his own way, and bow after his own fashion.

"She crossed her hands upon her breast and said to him:

"Lord, what do you ask of your humble servant?"

"The lion answered her neither more nor less than the Orosmane of M. de Voltaire or the Saladin of M. Favart could have done.

"When one is as handsome as thou art, Aïssa, one is not a servant, but a queen."

"Aïssa was at once pleased with the strange softness which the voice of her interlocutor had assumed whilst addressing her, and at the same time surprised that this handsome lion, whom she did not know, and whom she thought she saw for the first time, should know her name.

"Who told you what my name is, my lord?" asked the young girl.

"The air, that is in love with you, and which, after having blown through your hair, carries the perfume to the roses, saying, 'Aïssa!' The water, that is in love with you, and which, after bathing thy beautiful feet, comes to moisten the moss of my cave, saying, 'Aïssa!' The bird, that is jealous of you, and which, since he has heard you sing, sings no longer, but dies of spite, saying, 'Aïssa!'"

"The young girl blushed with delight, pretended to draw her hair over her face, but in doing so only allowed the lion to contemplate her beauty more at his ease.

"Let the flatterer be a lion or a fox, let the flattered be a young girl or a crow, you see the result of flattery is always the same.

"The lion, which up to that moment had hesitated approaching Aïssa, no doubt from the same feeling that made Jupiter dread approaching Semele in all his majesty—the lion took a step or two towards the young girl, but

as he saw that she turned pale at his terrible neighborhood,

"What is the matter with you, Aïssa?" he said with his tenderest and most anxious voice.

"The young girl felt very desirous of speaking the truth, and saying, 'I am frightened of you, my lord,' but she did not dare, and she said:

"The Tuariks are not far off, and I am frightened of the Tuariks."

"The lion smiled as only lions can smile.

"When you are with me," he said, "you ought to fear nothing."

"But," replied the young girl, "I shall not always have the honor of your company. It is getting late, and I am far from my father's tent."

"I will conduct you there," said the lion.

"It has sometimes happened in the streets of Paris that a grisette, followed too closely by a student who insisted upon conducting her home, has not only refused her arm, but has, upon his persistence, given him a box on the ear. But never has it happened, in the memory of man, that a young Arab girl has answered in a similar way to a lion who made such a proposal to her, however inconvenient it might appear to her.

"Aïssa then accepted the offer that was made to her; the lion approached her, raised his mane, and the young girl rested her hand upon it as she would have rested her arm on the arm of her lover, and both walked along as we see old mother Cybele, who is the emblem of fecundity, walk in the Greek bas-reliefs, her hand resting on a lion, the emblem of force; so both walked along towards the tent of Aïssa's father.

"On their way they met gazelles that fled, hyænas that crouched away, and men and women who went down on their knees.

"But the lion said to the gazelles, 'Fly not!' to the hyænas, 'Don't be afraid!' to the men and women, 'Get up! For the sake of this well-beloved young girl, I will do you no harm!'"

"And the gazelles ceased to fly, the hyænas were no longer afraid, and the men and women got up, gazing in astonishment at the lion and the young girl, and asking in their idiom of gazelles, in their language of hyænas, and with their voices of men and women, if this lion and that young girl were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Muhammad at Mekka.

"Aïssa and her yellow friend arrived thus together at the douair; and when they were within a few paces of her father's tent, which was the first on entering the village, the lion stopped and asked the young girl, with all the courtesy of the most delicate cavalier, permission to embrace her.

"The young girl stretched out her face, and the lion lightly touched with his terrible lips the red lips of Aissa.

"Then making a sign as if to bid farewell, he sat down, as if he was resolved to make quite sure that nothing should befall her in the brief distance that she had still to go over. As she went away the young girl turned round twice or three times, and the lion was still at the same place. At last she entered her father's tent.

"Oh, is that you!" exclaimed the latter, 'I was getting anxious about you. 'I thought you might have met with something unpleasant.'

"The young girl smiled.

"But you are here, and that is a proof that I was in the wrong."

"Indeed father," said the young girl, still smiling, 'instead of meeting with any thing unpleasant, I met with something quite the reverse.'

"What was it?"

"I met a lion."

"Notwithstanding the usual phlegm of an Arab, the father of Aissa turned pale.

"A lion!" he exclaimed; 'and he did not devour you!'

"On the contrary, he paid me compliments on my beauty, volunteered to conduct me home, and came with me here."

"The Arab thought that his daughter had gone mad.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, indignantly; 'would you try to make me believe that a lion was capable of such politeness?'

"Come to the door of your tent and you will see him where I left him, or making his way back to the mountains."

"Stop till I get my gun."

"What for?" said the haughty damsel, 'are you not with me!'

"And taking her father by his burnouse she drew him to the tent door. But the lion was no longer where she had left it. Nor could she see any thing in the direction by which he had come.

"Pooh!" said the Arab, on re-entering his tent, 'you have had a bad dream.'

"Father, I swear to you I have him yet before my eyes. A splendid mane, yellow eyes, glittering like gold, and teeth of ivory, only——" The young girl hesitated.

"Only what?" asked the Arab.

"Only," she replied, whispering, 'he has a carnivorous breath.'

"No sooner had she said these words than a loud roar was heard behind the tent, then another at a distance of about five hundred paces, and then a third about half a mile off. Yet there had been scarcely a minute between each roar.

"It was evident that the lion, being desir-

ous of hearing what the young girl said of him, had made a circuit to come and listen behind the canvas of the tent, and not having heard that which was agreeable to him, he had gone away terribly mortified and in a most tremendous passion.

"A month elapsed without the young girl thinking any more of the lion, except it was to relate her adventure to her companions. But at the expiration of that time she went to the same place with her hatchet to cut wood. The wood was cut, and she had tied it in a bundle, when she heard a slight noise behind her, and she turned round. The lion was contemplating her from a distance of barely four yards.

"Good day, Aissa," he said, in a dry tone.

"Good day, my lord," replied Aissa, her voice trembling a little, for she remembered what she had said of her protector, and she seemed still to hear the three terrible roars which had followed upon it. 'Good day, my lord. Can I do any thing that will be agreeable to you?'

"You can do me a service."

"What is it?"

"Come near me," Aissa moved up, but with considerable trepidation. 'Now raise your hatchet.' The young girl obeyed. 'Now strike me on the head with it.'

"Oh, my lord! you do not mean it?"

"On the contrary, I most certainly do. Strike?'

"But, my lord——"

"Strike, I pray you."

"Hard or softly?"

"As hard as you can."

"But I shall hurt you."

"No matter."

"You wish it?"

"I wish it."

"The young girl struck boldly, and the hatchet left a bloody line between the lion's two eyes. It is from that time that lions have that furrow, which is more particularly visible when they frown.

"Thank you, Aissa," said the lion; and in three leaps he disappeared in the wood.

"Oh!" said the young girl, a little annoyed in her turn, 'he will not conduct me back to-day.'

"It is needless to say that the story of this second rencontre excited as much interest as the first; but, however learned the commentaries of the most skilful talebs of the douair were, the intentions of the lion remained mysterious and hidden to the most penetrating minds.

"Another month elapsed. The young girl went back to the forest. But scarcely had she begun to cut the wood when a bush opened before her and the lion came forth out of it, no longer civil as he was the first time, nor

even melancholy as he was the second, but gloomy and almost threatening.

"The young girl felt an inclination to run away, but the lion's look nailed her feet to the ground. It was he that approached her; she would have fallen to the ground if she had attempted to take a step.

"Look at my forehead," said the lion.

"My lord must remember that it was he who ordered me to strike."

"Yes; and I thanked you. It is not of that I came to speak to you. It is to ask you to look at it."

"I am looking at it."

"How is it going on?"

"Marvellously well, my lord; it is almost healed."

"That shows, Aissa," said the lion, "that wounds inflicted on the body are very different from those that are inflicted on pride: the first heal after a time; the others, never."

"This philosophical axiom was followed by a sharp and painful cry, and then nothing further was heard.

"Three days afterwards, Aissa's father beating the forest to discover some traces of his daughter, found the hatchet with which she used to cut wood near a large pool of blood.

"But of Aissa, neither he nor any one else ever heard any thing more."

The Arab had just finished his legend when the loud roar of a lion shook the nerves more or less of all the auditors. M. Jules Gérard seized his *Devismes* and his *Duc d'Aumale*—he names his rifles from the donors or manufacturers—and issued forth from the tent. The lion was little more than a mile off. It must, he opined, be the one he had been so long in search of. He had ceased to roar, but still they made towards him. At half a mile's distance they fell in with a crowd of Arabs and dogs. The lion had broken into their douair and carried off a sheep. He was now eating his dinner, hence the sudden cessation of his roars. This was not a propitious moment to attack him; lions do not like to be disturbed at their meals, so M. Gérard contented himself with bidding the Arabs follow his tracks, always easy to mark out when he has carried off a sheep, and he returned to his tent.

There is a tradition concerning this, peculiarly in the matter of lion and sheep, which deserves to be recorded:

"One day a lion was talking with the marabut, Sidi Moussa. If the lion is the most powerful of animals, the marabut was the most holy of dervishes. Man and animal conversed, therefore, on a par.

"You are very strong," said the marabut to the lion.

"Yes, very strong."

"What is the measure of your strength?"

"That of forty horses."

"Then you can take an ox, throw it over your shoulder, and carry it away?" inquired the marabut.

"With the help of God, I can," replied the lion.

"And a horse likewise?"

"With the help of God I can do with a horse as I do with an ox."

"And a sheep?"

"The lion laughed. 'I should think so indeed!' said he.

"But at the first sheep that he tried to carry off the lion was much surprised to find that he could not throw it over his shoulder, as he did with many animals that were much heavier, and that he was obliged to drag it along the ground.

"This came from the circumstance, that in his pride he had forgotten to say, in reference to sheep, which appeared too small game to be worthy of notice, what he had said of the ox and the horse—'with the help of God!'"

M. Gérard had not been long back in his tent before the owner of the sheep arrived out of breath. He had followed the traces and ascertained proximatively the position of lion. It was agreed that the hunt should take place the first thing next morning. At break of day accordingly, two vigorous, middle-aged Arabs, Bilkassen and Amar Ben Sarah by name, were sent out to reconnoitre, and to ascertain the immediate whereabouts of the animal. This they after some difficulties succeeded in doing, and having brought in their reports to the lion-killer he went forth a few minutes before sunset.

"It is the time when the Arabs, if they have a lion in their neighborhood, invariably keep to their tents. From sunset to dawn, an Arab, who has heard the roar of a lion, has a great repugnance to putting a foot out of doors. It is, on the contrary, the time that I prefer, for this very reason, that it is that at which the lion awakes and begins to move about in search of prey.

"When I arrived at the spot indicated by Amar Ben Sarah, I had still about a quarter of an hour's daylight to enable me to examine the landscape. I stood at the entrance of a narrow ravine in the Aurès mountains; both slopes of the mountains, as well as the bottom of the ravine, were clothed with wood—pines, firs, and evergreen oaks. Naked rocks, still burning with the heat of day, rose

up above this mass of verdure like the bones of a great giant imperfectly buried.

"We advanced into the ravine, Ben-Sarah acting as guide. The latter dragged an unfortunate goat along with him, which was intended as a bait for the lion, and which made all kinds of difficulties about accompanying us.

"At a distance of about fifty paces from the lair there was a little glade. I selected it, as in a duel one selects the place where the combat is to be given. Amar cut down a small tree, stuck it into the centre of the glade, and then fastened the goat to it, leaving about a yard and a half of rope.

"Whilst Amar Ben-Sarah was doing this we heard a prolonged gape at about fifty yards' distance. It was the lion, which, only half aroused, looked at us and gaped away.

"The cries of the goat had awakened him. Otherwise he lay quietly enough at the foot of a rock, passing his gory tongue over his thick lips. He was magnificent in his calm contempt for us.

"I hastened to send away my men—who were not sorry for being dismissed—and who took up a station at a distance of about two or three hundred paces behind me. Amida alone insisted upon keeping me company. I then examined the locality closely.

"I was separated from the lion by a ravine. The glade was about forty-five paces in circumference, and consequently about fifteen in diameter. It remained to select a position. I placed myself on the fringe of the wood, keeping the goat between me and the lion, which was about sixty paces off.

"Whilst I was making these little arrangements the lion disappeared; there was, therefore, no time to lose in preparing to receive him, as he might be upon me in a moment. An oak presented me with what I always search for in such a crisis—a resting-place. I cut off such branches as might impede my sight or my movements, and sat down at its foot.

"Scarcely had I done so when I perceived, by the anxiety of the goat, that something was taking place. The goat was dragging the rope with its whole strength in my direction, at the same time that it was looking the opposite way.

"I then knew that the lion had made a circuit to get into the ravine, and that he was nearing us, favored by the slope. Nor was I wrong. In a few minutes I perceived its monstrous head peeping over the bank, soon followed by his shoulders, and then by his whole body. He advanced slowly, his eyes sleepy. A lion is indeed a sleepy, idle beast. He was now seven paces from the goat and fifteen from me.

"I had remained seated, keeping my rifle on him. Once having had time to take aim

between the two eyes, my finger pressed upon the trigger, and I was about to pull. Had I yielded to the wish I might, in all probability, have saved a man's life. But seeing no disposition on the part of the animal to attack me, I waited in indulgence of that terrible voluptuousness which is only to be found in the presence of danger and in the sense of braving it.

"Besides, I have another object in view in prolonging these strange temporizings: it is to study the animal, to make a step farther in the knowledge of its manners, for a single additional discovery in the character of such an adversary is one chance the less of being eaten up by him.

"For ten long minutes I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a tête-à-tête such as few men can boast of. This was all the more permitted to me, as it was now nearly two years since I had found myself face to face with a lion, and this was one of the finest, the strongest, and the most majestic that I had seen.

"At the expiration of the ten minutes he crouched down, crossed his legs, and, stretching out his head, made a kind of pillow of them for his neck. His eye was fixed on me, and never for a moment did he lose sight of my eyes; he seemed wondrously puzzled to think what that man could come to do in his kingdom, and who seemed not to recognize his sovereignty.

"Five minutes more elapsed; in the position that he then lay nothing would have been more easy for me than to kill him. Suddenly he rose up, as if pushed by a spring, and began to agitate himself, making one step in advance and then another back, turning to the right and then to the left, all the time wagging his tail like a cat that is getting angry. No doubt he did not understand the presence of a cord, a goat, and a man; his intelligence did not suffice to explain such a mystical combination. Only his instinct told him that there was a trap laid for him.

"In the mean time I remained seated, my rifle up to my shoulder, my finger on the trigger, following the animal in all its motions. One spring on his part, and I was under his claws. Every moment his irritation increased, and it began even to affect me; his tail swept his sides, his motions became more rapid, his eye flamed with ire. It would have been suicide to hesitate any longer.

"I took advantage of a moment when he presented his left side towards me; I aimed behind the shoulder-blade, and fired. The lion shrank under the blow, roared with pain, and curved round as if to bite the wound, but he did not fall. Three seconds had barely elapsed before I fired my second shot. Then,

without looking—for I was quite sure of having hit him—I threw down my rifle, to take up another near me ready loaded and cocked.

"But when I turned round towards the lion, the butt-end up to my shoulder, the lion was gone, I remained motionless, dreading a surprise, and looking on all sides.

"I then heard the lion roar. He had gone down into the ravine. Twice he roared again, each time at a greater distance. He was going back to his lair.

"I waited a few minutes longer, perhaps it was only a few seconds—one is a bad judge of time under such circumstances. Then hearing nothing further, I rose up and went to visit the spot where the animal had received my two shots. The goat had lain down and gasped with terror. It was easy to see further that the lion had been struck by both balls, and that both had gone right through its body. There were two jets of blood on each side.

"Every sportsman knows that an animal bears up better when he is thus pierced from side to side, than when the ball, remaining in the body, gives rise to internal hemorrhage. I followed his traces; they were easy to find. The road that he had taken was spotted with blood. The branches of the shrubs and plants by which he had passed were also stained with blood. As I had thought, the lion had gone to his lair.

"At this moment I saw appear over the ravine the heads of Amida, Belkassem, and Amar Ben Sarah. They approached cautiously, not knowing if I was alive or dead, and in readiness to fire. Seeing me at the bottom of the ravine, they shouted in token of gladness, and ran up to me.

"They insisted upon at once following up the lion; the quantity of blood shed made them exaggerate the gravity of the wounds. But I kept them back. In my opinion the lion was grievously, perhaps mortally wounded, but the heart had not been struck. The lion must still have strength, its agony would be terrible.

"During the suspense, eight or ten Arabs joined us from the douair, armed with guns. They had heard my two shots, and came, like Amida, Belkassem, and Amar Ben Sarah, to know what had happened. That which had occurred was written for them, as for us, on the soil.

"Their unanimous exclamation was, 'He must be followed up.'

But I stopped them, pointing out the danger of such a proceeding. It had, however, no effect.

"Remain there, they said, and we will bring him to you dead.

"It was in vain that I stated that the lion was alive, and that by his roar he was still

full of strength; they persisted in going into the wood.

"I made a last effort to prevent them going further; I was convinced that if we waited till the next day we should find him dead, whilst, on the contrary, if we followed him up now, we should go and throw ourselves, at the distance of some hundred paces, in contact with his anger and pain—and every one knew what the result would be.

"But no advice had any effect on their obstinacy. So when I saw that they were resolved to go in pursuit of the lion without me, I made up my mind to go with them.

"Only I made my arrangements. I re-loaded my Devismes, which I kept in my own hands; I gave my Lepage to Ben Sarah, and my Duc d'Aumale to Amida. It is, after my Devismes, the rifle that I prefer—it has killed thirteen lions—and I entered into the wood on the traces of the lion. It was now dark. The wood was dense, thick, entangled; we had to advance step by step. My three Arabs followed me; behind my three Arabs came the men of the douair.

"We got over some forty or fifty paces in this way, but with great difficulty, and in about a quarter of an hour's time. By that time it was almost quite dark, and we could no longer discern the tracks.

"There was a glade at a dozen paces' distance, and we all made to it to take breath and look around us.

"Whilst we were scattered about the glade, seeking for the tracks that were lost in the dim light, either by accident or carelessness a gun went off.

"At the same moment a terrible roar burst forth, and the lion tumbled down into the midst of us, literally as if he had fallen from the skies.

"For a moment the panic was frightful. All the guns except mine went off at once, and it is a miracle that we did not kill one another. It is needless to say that not a ball struck the lion.

"As to myself, this is what I saw amidst the fire and smoke: all the Arabs gathered round me, with the exception of Amar Ben Sarah.

"Then suddenly I heard at a distance of some fifteen paces, on the other side of the glade, a scream, a terrible scream, the scream of death!

"I rushed towards the scream through the darkness, rendered still more dense by the smoke. Such was its density, that I could neither see man nor lion, till I came in contact with them.

"Man and lion formed a shapeless, hideous mass.

"The man was under the lion, who was tearing his thighs with his hind-claws, whilst

the whole of his head was buried in his mouth.

"I felt faint for a moment, my legs trembled beneath me, I was nearly falling. But the weakness only lasted a second.

"The lion felt the barrel of my rifle, and cast a side look with a threatening expression at me.

"Should I fire at the head of the lion? should I fire at its shoulder?

"If I fired at the head, I might kill the man. I fired at the shoulder.

"All this did not occupy a second of time. And then all was lost in fire and smoke.

"I waited a moment. I will not attempt to describe what passed through my mind during that second of anxiety.

"At last I could see. The lion had let the man go. The man had fallen like a mass. Was he dead or living; that it was impossible to say.

"The lion was leaning against a tree, the same that supported the man, and it was evident that he had to depend upon the tree, which was not larger round than a man's leg, for his sole support.

"The tree gave way gradually, cracked, and then broke, and the lion fell down on the ground beside the man.

"I then pulled the second trigger, the capsule failed. What would have happened to me, if this second capsule had been the first?

"Luckily, the lion was dead.

"We precipitated ourselves on the man, he had fainted; but on being touched, he regained his senses.

"Take me away!' he exclaimed—'take me away!'

"It was in vain that we told him that the lion was dead, he did not hear us.

"The Arabs say that every man who has inhaled a lion's breath goes mad.

"Amar Ben Sarah was mad.

"I began by examining the wounds as well as I could by the light of a bundle of dry sticks, to which we hastened to set fire.

"The sides of the sufferer's body were horribly torn; he had been fearfully bitten in the flanks. His head also bore the marks of the animal's teeth. It was manifest that he was a lost man.

"We laid him upon a litter made with our guns, and we carried him away from the scene of the disaster. Three days afterwards I left the country; he was still alive, but without hope. A letter from the Kaid informed me eight days afterwards that Amar Ben Sarah was dead."

The inconsistency between the two legends, if we may be allowed the expression, is manifest. There is nothing in the strange record of the relations of the fair Aïssa with a lion, or in the subsequent magic fate of that unfortunate damsel, that bears out what we are subsequently told is the received tradition among the Arabs, of the influence of the lion's breath. Any one intimate with the peculiarity of the Arab mind will feel that the allusion is simply a figurative one. It intimates that persons who are thrown into such close contact with that fierce animal as is implied by coming within the sphere of its breath, are so overcome by terror or fascinated by fear as virtually to lose their senses, just as they say, the wounds received from a lion are fatal; meaning thereby, that they are of such a serious character that a person seldom recovers from them. The poetical and figurative language of the Arabs delights in extremes, but it is quite understood among themselves that it is not always meant to convey all that it seems to imply.

ENIGMA.

"Tis seen each day and heard of every hour,
Yet no one sees or ever hears its power;
It is familiar with the prince and sage,
As well as with the peasant. In each age,
Since time began, it has been known full well,
And yet nor earth, nor heaven, nor even hell
Has e'er contained it, or e'er known its worth.
It does exist, and yet it ne'er had birth;
It nowhere is, and yet it finds a home
In almost every page of every tome;
The greatest bliss to human nature here
Is having it to doubt, and dread, and fear.
It gives us pain when measuring the esteem

Of those we fondly worship in Love's dream.
It gives us pleasure instantly to hear,
From those we love, sweet friendship it can rear.
Thought cannot compass it, yet ne'ertheless
The lip can easily its sense express.
'Tis not in sleep, for sleep hath worlds of dreams,
Yet plain and easy to each mind it seems,
For men of all degree and every clime,
Can speak of it. Eternity nor time
Hath it beheld. It singularly sounds
To foreign ears. Title, wealth, and fame,
However great, must end in it the same.
It is—is not. It can be heard, although
Nor man nor angel e'er its sound can know.

From The Spectator.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON'S COUNTESS DE BONNEVAL.*

THE Count de Bonneval was one of the most worthless characters of that very worthless period of the old régime, which stretched from the closing years of Louis the Fourteenth, through the Regency, to the death of Louis the Fifteenth. As a distinguished "officer and gentleman" of the French court, he was as a matter of course accomplished, profligate, unprincipled, pleasant, and lively if not witty. His person was handsome, his air distinguished, his vigor so great that he was called Hercules; his manners are said to have been fascinating, indeed irresistible. He does appear to have had that easy good-nature which can be exercised without cost or trouble; his animal courage and good comradeship were beyond all question. His religious opinions were those of most courtiers of the day, infidel, because it was the fashion; but Bonneval was not restrained even by those prejudices for class and country which feebly reinforce morality, and serve as a poor substitute for principles. The old French noblesse had faults enough, but treason was rarely one of them, especially that extreme form of it which consists in deserting and going over to the enemy with arms; and in the exceptional case of the great Condé, there was the excuse of civil war which might be pleaded. But Bonneval was a double traitor. Having levied contributions in the Italian wars, and spent the money, he deserted to the Austrians, when the Ministry of Louis the Fourteenth called upon him for an account, announcing his intention with the wonted audacity of the French school—"I shall enter the Emperor's service, where the Ministers are all noblemen, and know how to behave to noblemen," Chamillart, the Minister to whom he wrote, not being noble.

For this crime he was executed in effigy, by order of the King; but was pardoned under the Regency of Orleans, and permitted to return to Paris, coming some thought as a spy of the Emperor. On this occasion he married Judith Charlotte de Gontaut, daughter of the Marquis de Brion, the match being one of the conditions of the pardon, and his wife, lovely, amiable, and a model of virtue in that corrupt court, and of fidelity to himself; though he left her, and, as it turned out, for ever, soon after the marriage. He went to Vienna, not treasonably on this occasion, for he served the Austrians against the Turks, greatly distinguished himself at Belgrade, and was appointed to command in Italy.

* *The Countess De Bonneval: her Life and Letters.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. In two volumes. Published by Hurst and Blackett.

But his reckless disregard of every thing in the shape of tie or duty worked his downfall. He ridiculed the Emperor, offended the Governor of Brussels, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to imprisonment, challenged his great patron Eugène for officially approving the sentence, was again imprisoned for this offence, eventually fled to Turkey, and finally turned Mahometan and became a pasha—an apostacy which that age looked upon with greater horror than ours. In this state of degradation, his thoughts once turned to the wife he had so soon deserted and so long neglected, and he once exhibited a sentimental feeling scarcely to have been expected from so selfish and hardened a miscreant.

"Once again, in the course of her remaining years, the Countess de Bonneval received a message from the man whom she had so faithfully, so tenderly loved. He sent her an earnest entreaty that she would write to him a few lines, and she complied with his request. He received that letter, but no one ever saw it, no one ever knew what it contained. When he died it was not found with the others amongst his papers; perhaps he destroyed it to stifle an uneasy feeling of remorse; perhaps he wore it next his heart, and that it was buried with him in his Turkish grave.

"In the most reckless of reckless men, in the boldest and most daring offenders against God and man, there lingers a faint reminiscence of bygone days, which can still be appealed to, and not always in vain. Long after his wife's death, under the dazzling splendor of an eastern sky, in one of the most sumptuous villas of the Bosphorus, Achmet Pasha Comte de Bonneval, in the midst of the luxury of a wholly material existence, had apparently sunk in oblivion all recollection of God, whom he had denied, of the country he had forsaken. He treated religion and feeling alike with derision. He scoffed at Christianity, and sneered at virtue. The maxim of his youth was the motto of his old age:

'Jouissons du présent,
L'avenir est aux fous.'

No traces of remorse, of regret, or of despondency were visible in his countenance, or betrayed in his conversation. Gay and witty as ever, time had wrought no change in the licentiousness of his habits, or the indomitable energy of his spirits. And yet his biographer relates that on one single occasion that insensibility gave way to irresistible emotion,—that for once the apostate whom nothing seemed ever to subdue or touch was moved even to tears.

"At a dinner given to him by one of his

European acquaintances, at Constantinople, an Italian artiste, who made one of the party, was requested to sing. When she began one of the melodies of her own land, great was the astonishment of the company to see the Comte de Bonneval burst into tears."

He seems at last to have contemplated returning to the bosom of the church, and for that purpose had planned escaping from Constantinople to Rome. Death prevented the scheme, if he really entertained it, and Achmet Pasha Comte de Bonneval died at Constantinople in 1747, having reached the threescore years and ten allotted to man.

Every one knows the "idea" of *William Shakspeare—a biography*; and how Charles Knight, taking the real for his foundation, reared upon it an imaginative superstructure. The players visited Stratford on Avon; the youthful Shakspeare probably saw them; let us assume that he did; and go on to describe the strolling performances of the era, and trace their effects upon the mind of the great dramatist; and so the biography proceeds pleasantly enough. Lady Georgianna Fullerton has conceived her *Countess de Bonneval* on a similar principle. Not very much is known of the details of the lady's life, especially of that part which is treated by Lady Fullerton in the greatest detail; a few of her letters to the Count have been preserved. Upon this basis the authoress has constructed her work, which she describes as not being "a biography and still less a novel; but rather a sketch in which imagination has ventured to fill up the scanty outlines of history, following step by step the indications it affords, and seeking rather to guess than to invent, to interpret than to originate." We should rather have called the book a novel of manners and character "founded on fact." The main purpose is to paint the character of Judithe de Gontaut and trace the manner in which her love for her cousin De Bonneval originated from the garrulous description of an old nurse, and afterwards grew from a variety of circumstances that continually brought him before her youthful fancy in a striking or romantic way. These circumstances are so contrived that they serve to display the manners and ideas of the time, as well as its superficial life, both in Paris and the country. The bare fact generally rests upon some record, duly quoted in a foot-note; but incident, color, and particulars are supplied by the writer.

The task is performed with great cleverness in point of conception and execution. The incidents designed to cause the love of

Judithe are adapted to the purpose; the manners and dialogues, if not very brilliant or vivid, have sufficient verisemblance to suggest the age; the style is elegant and animated, though a little diffuse. The effect is not equal to the literary merit displayed, owing, we believe to the subject. The character of Bonneval does not excite much interest, or that of his wife much sympathy, because her passion before she sees him is meta, physical and against sense if not principle, while afterwards it partakes too closely of the nature of "patient Grizzle." The great deficiency, however, is the want of a story; for though the book has marriage and death as its termination, yet the reader meets with a succession of scenes rather than a connected tale. What those scenes are is better shown by a specimen. Here is the mother of Bonneval in the evening when her son had been executed "par contumace" during the day.

"The Marquise de Bonneval was one of those persons in whom violent passions lie concealed under the appearance of a cold and haughty indifference. She shrunk from the pity of others even more than from the very sufferings which called it forth. On the evening of her son's simulated execution, she went as was her habit to the Hôtel de Biron, and took her seat at the card-table, which was always made ready for her at one end of the drawing-room.

"Her cousin the Marquis de Biron, his nephew, M. de Riom, and the lovely Marquise de Simiane, Madame de Sévigné's granddaughter, made up her party. Neither her countenance nor her manner gave outward token of the storm which was raging within her breast, but every time that a new comer was announced, at every respectful salutation which was addressed to her, and in which she discerned, or fancied she discerned, the slightest shade of sympathy, or of compassion—to her more galling than the bitterest insult—the paleness of her cheeks became visible, even under the thick coating of rouge with which she had sought to disguise it. With the stoical courage of pride she went through that fiery ordeal, her hands busy with the cards, a smile on her parched lips, and the while from her heart a secret prayer arising, if that can be called a prayer, which was nothing less than a fierce appeal to Heaven for vengeance on those who had wrought her son's overthrow, an impassioned cry for retribution on the heads of those by whom she deemed he had been wronged. Heaven, in

mercy, is often deaf to such prayers; for, if in an evil hour for the suppliant, they reach the Eternal ears, the answer falls back like a curse on the heart that has framed them.

"When Madame de Simiane left the card-table, she seated herself on a sofa in one of the recesses of the window, and the Duc de St. Simon, who had been watching the game, or rather the players, with that keen curiosity which he has himself so well described, immediately hastened to her side, and entered into conversation with her. She pointed with an almost imperceptible motion of her fan to-

ward the part of the room which he had left, and said to him in a low voice:

"Have you ever witnessed, my lord duke, a more remarkable display of insensibility, or a more striking example of courage. Which of the two shall we deem it to be?"

"Madame," replied the Duke, in his cold and formal manner, and with his somewhat malevolent smile, 'I have never met with an instance of greater sensibility to grief and shame, and at the same time of a more obstinate determination to hide that grief, and to brave that disgrace.'

THE TELEGRAPH IN WAR.—Never since its discovery (says the *Times'* correspondent at the seat of war in India—Dr. W. H. Russell) has the electric telegraph played so important and daring a rôle as it now does in India. Without it, the commander-in-chief would lose the effect of half his force. It has served him better than his right arm. In this war, for the first time, a telegraphic wire has been carried along under fire and through the midst of a hostile country. *Pari passu*, from post to post it has moved on with our artillery, and scarcely has the commander-in-chief established his head quarters at any spot where he intended to stay for a few days, when the post and the wire were established also. It is mainly to the zeal, energy, and ability of a young officer of the Bengal Engineers, Lieut. Patrick Stewart, that these advantages are due. He is assisted, it is true, by a few men, but he it is who devises and superintends the execution and the extension of the line from place to place. At one time his men are chased for miles by the enemy's cavalry: at another time they are attacked by the Sowars, and they and the wires are cut to pieces: again, their electric batteries are smashed by the fire of the gun, or their cart knocked to pieces by a round shot, but still they work on—creep over arid plains, across watercourses, span rivers, and pierce jungles, till, one after another, the rude poles raise aloft their slender burden, and the quick needle vibrates with its silent tongue amid the thunder of the artillery. The wire is thick, and is not protected by non-conducting coatings of any kind: it is twisted round the top of a rude pole, fifteen or sixteen feet high, and, under ordinary states of the atmosphere, it is found to answer perfectly.

GUTTA PERCHA.—The Council of the Society of Arts have appointed a committee to direct the institution of a series of experiments on gutta percha, and the causes of its decay, its different qualities, adulterations, and other points of interest or importance in regard to this most useful substance. To these ends, a series of queries are to be issued by the committee for cir-

culatation amongst those most likely to be able to afford the desired information. We would suggest that one of the series of experiments projected ought to have for its object the artificial production of gutta percha, by chemical conversion of such plentiful substances as bitumen or asphalt, resins, pitch, and albuminous substances, &c. Chemists, as we have more than once pointed out, know well that in certain experiments with bitumen, a substance has been produced, bearing a strong analogy to india-rubber; and, when it is considered that now the very perfumes of the finest flowers can be perfectly simulated, or, in fact, artificially and actually produced, out of such "villainous smells" as that of coal-tar, and even of something worse, one cannot see why both gutta percha and india-rubber may not be artificially produced from cheaper and more abundant materials, by the protean transformations of organic chemistry. "Let us (says the *Builder*) not be misunderstood: we do not mean merely that some inferior or trashy substitute may be found or manufactured from a mixture of other materials, but that to all intents and purposes the very substances themselves may be artificially produced, by chemical transformation of other organic materials—and that bitumen, for example, is essentially organic, just as pitch is known to be, there cannot be a reasonable doubt; but whether it be so or not, it is a most promising material for such a purpose as that suggested.

DISINTERESTED KINDNESS.—"May I be married, ma?" said a little beauty of fourteen to her mother. "Why do you want to be married?" returned the mother. "Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen anybody married, and I thought it might please them.

PRESTO AMOROSO.—A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do; but the quicker the better."

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Il faut choisir,—il faut être ou poète ou philosophe!"
CONSEJO.

I LOVE them both! And must I make my choice?

Can I not follow fair Philosophy,
Yet sometimes listen to the Muse's voice,
When the heart longs to speak, and thou art nigh?

O never bid me stifle the loved tone
That whispers to our nature, sadly sweet!
With power to touch the heart with plaintive moan,
Or thrill with tales where love and battle meet,
Or purer impulse of the soul to greet.

And never ask me to renounce the lore
Unfolding to my gaze fair Nature's page.
Still be my guides unto the distant shore,
The poet's heart, the wisdom of the sage!

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of Nature right.

And genius that would scorn the lowly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom and there's poesy's art,—

Both of this earth; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.
—Household Words.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

MARK LEMON.

THE solemn words are said, "Let the sea receive the dead!"

In its vast unfathom'd bed, until Time shall be no more:

The frothing of a wave! and the good, the kind, the brave,

Is in his ocean grave—all his storms of life are o'er.

His messmates stare with eyes of dull and long surprise,

That where their comrade lies not a trace should now be seen;

The waves still roll and leap o'er the chamber of his sleep,

Down, down in the great deep, as though he had never been.

His messmates walk away, and in hoarse whispers say,

"God rest him!" So they pray. Who doubts their prayer is heard?

When seated at their mess they find one face the less;

Each shows his kind distress, though he does not speak a word.

Some think that when again they cross that restless main,
They'll look and look in vain for their messmate's place of rest,
And some will sadly sigh, and wish that when they die
In churchyards they may lie with those they have lov'd the best.

Death will not come and go without his fitting woe—

Methinks 'tis doubly so when he meets us on the sea:

The World is then so small, a Ship contains it all—

The dead man 'neath the pall! How large a part was he.

—London Journal.

EPITAPH.

BY EDMUND CARRINGTON.

For the monument erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died in captivity at Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, 1650, aged 14 years.

A CHILD in years, grown old before my time,
The shudd'ring witness of despair and crime:
With no fond hopes to cheer my maiden years,
'Mid life's wide gloom, still look'd on thro' my tears:

By no lov'd mother's watchful eye caress'd
Sooth'd by her care and by her counsels bless'd.
The link that bound my heart-strings to her rent

In pining serv'rance! Linger, vain lament!
Wrung my young heart by stern Affliction's rod,

The mercy sought, but found—the wrath of God.

Alas! how taught the dark reverse that flings
To dust, not lowlier brows alone, but kings!
Scarce won my grief a father's sought embrace—

Scarce caught a glimpse of that care-havock'd face,

Then snatch'd from it—to weep, where only lives

The vision's shade, that dear, as sad revives!

Wakes the torn smile that strove my heart to stay—

Grief I see turn to hide the tear away;
While steal his parting words on memory's ear,

Plead to my trembling soul in accents dear,

"Lov'd one! I bear with me to heav'n thy heart,
Till thou, to claim it, after me depart.

There shall thy sire a fairer kingdom meet—

There his lov'd child's caress unsever'd greet!"

I hear him speak! Beyond the tomb I fly—

To seek him!—bless'd to live, and not to die.

And oh! (if aught my spirit may divine),

Perchance some sister of a royal line

O'er the pale sod, of my neglected bier,

Sorrowing, one day shall pause, and drop the tear:

'Twill soothe my shade's drear vision of the past,

That mourned o'er it HER gen'rous grief at last.